

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

22nd Year. No. 6.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 11, 1905.

THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Commodore.

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"He Was Afraid."

"But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me. And immediately Jesus stretched forth His hand, and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

NO DOUBT Jesus was very fond of Peter. There was no hiding of his thoughts or emotion. Peter loved his Lord and was quick to give the emphatic expression of his passionate disposition to frequent declaration of his loyalty to Christ. He was sincere, although he did not know, like his Master, that he had not yet tested and tried the strength of opposing forces.

When Jesus came to the storm-tossed disciples, walking over the raging waves, doubtless the disciples were filled with awe and feared it was but a spirit, until Jesus cried out: "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."

Their fears calmed, they felt safe. Peter, however, with his impulsiveness, cried, "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water."

Whether it was mere recklessness, or a desire to show his faith in His Lord, or whatever the motive of Peter was, we know only that Jesus was pleased to grant his request and bade him come.

So far so good. If it was faith, Peter had more faith than the rest of the disciples, none of whom were anxious to try the experiment, but preferred the solid planks of the boat under their feet to the tossing waves. Peter unhesitatingly stepped out. He looks at his Lord, and believes, and lo! the waters bear him safely.

O Peter, why did you not keep your eyes on Jesus and trust that He who upheld you the first few steps could carry you safely all the way! But, alas! the human tendency to doubt everything outside the range of experimental knowledge gained by the senses, came to the top after the first moment of novelty had worn off. A gust of wind blew up a big wave, making right for Peter, and when he saw the foaming crest approaching him like the jaw of a mighty sea monster he forgot Jesus and His command, and was afraid. Fear and Faith are no relation; they are enemies, and will not dwell together. When Fear entered Peter's heart Faith went out.

"You can't get over that wave, Peter," Fear said, and Peter began to sink.

Then Peter remembered his Lord, and cried out for help. Has there ever been a cry of despair sent in vain to Jesus? No, never. He hears and He helps. He took hold of Peter and saved him.

Oh, that the Lord's present-day disciples had learned Peter's lesson! They hear the voice of Christ and understand His bidding. Some of the bolder spirits obey and step out in faith upon conditions that seem as unstable as the storm-beaten waters. They go on until adverse conditions so discourage them that they forget that their Lord bade them go on, and that He is able to give



the power to go on. They become afraid! Fear paralyzes them and makes them useless. No wonder they sink. They go down and cry, "No man can do it!"

Yes, Christ can help you. Look to Him. Hear Him saying, "O ye of little faith! If

you had faith like a grain of mustard seed you would say to this mountain, Cast thyself into the sea, and it should be done."

The great need of the Christians of to-day is faith. Oh, for a baptism of faith, for revival to sweep the Dominion!

The Joy of Incompleteness.

If all our lives were one broad glare
Of sunlight, clear, unclouded;
If all our path were smooth and fair,
By no soft gloom enshrouded;
If all life's flowers were fully blown
Without the sweet unfolding,
And happiness were rudely thrown
On hands too weak for holding—
Should we not miss the twilight hours,
The gentle haze and sadness?
Should we not long for storms and showers,
To break the constant gladness?

If none were sick and none were sad,
What service could we render?
I think if we were always glad,
We scarcely could be tender.
Did our beloved never need
Our patient ministrations,
Earth would grow cold, and miss indeed
Its sweetest consolation;
If sorrow never claimed our heart,
And every wish were granted,
Patience would die, and hope depart—
Life would be disenchanted.

And yet in heaven is no more night,
In heaven is no more sorrow!
Such unimagined new delight
Fresh grace from pain will borrow—
As the poor seed that underground
Seeks its true life above it,
Not knowing what will there be found
When sunbeams kiss and love it.
So we in darkness upward grow,
And look and long for heaven,
But cannot picture it below,
Till more of light be given.

—J. Besemer.

The Monster's Tracks.

Intemperance in Germany.—Some striking facts have been brought to light in Berlin, bearing on the pernicious results of indulgence in alcohol. The medical director of a large workmen's hotel, Dr. Stadelmann, says that nearly 30 per cent. of the unhappy wretches who fill the large wards in his hospital are there because of the misuse of drink, and to these another ten per cent may be added for those whose parents have been drinkers. "Were drinking customs abolished," says Dr. Stadelmann, "not one hospital would be wanted for every three now in use, and not one lunatic in ten." With respect to the effect of alcohol on suicides, instructive statistics show that in 300 suicides which occurred last year in Germany, in 150 cases the suicide was under the direct influence of drink, and 78 when the victims were recovering from the effects of intoxication. Of the remainder 25 were children of drinking parents.

"Pinched to Death."—The death sentence on Napoleon Fouquet, of La Patrie, Compton County, condemned at Sherbrooke to be hanged for the murder of his step-child, has been commuted to life-imprisonment. The actual murder was a brutal one. Mrs. Fouquet was absent. Her little girl, by the first husband, aged about two years, was left in charge of a servant. Fouquet went on a spree, and, coming home, took the child, saying he would keep it in bed with him. He came down from his room some hours later, saying that the child was dead, and explained that he had accidentally crushed it. Examination showed, however, that it had been pinched and squeezed from the head to the feet, and partially suffocated. The crown theory was that he had tortured the child, and kept its head covered with the bed clothes to prevent an outcry.

Wife Murder.—Henry North, a native of London, Ont., is in a murderer's cell at Detroit, charged with the brutal slaying of his wife.

Drink and jealousy were the cause of the murder. North had so often threatened to kill his wife that when, with a curse, he said last night he was going to shoot her, the son, Harry, rolled over in bed and merely said,

"Cut out that swearing before Lottie."

Mrs. North and her fourteen-year-old daughter, Lottie, had just returned from the temple theatre, where they had seats in the balcony.

The child bounded into the room, and called out, "Oh, daddy, you missed the best show yet. It was grand."

Mrs. North added brightly that the show had been a good one.

With an oath the half-drunken wretch told her she had not been to the show at all, but was boozing around with some fellow again. Mrs. North protested, and North's rage became terrible. He raved like a madman and said he would kill the whole family. Nobody paid any attention to him, for the scene was by no means new to them. But murder was this time in the heart of husband and father, and when Mrs. North retreated to the pantry to wait her husband's going out to his work on a night shift, he followed her, and with more oaths suddenly whipped out a revolver and shot her in the breast. The wound was instantly fatal.

When a policeman came back with the son, he found North kneeling beside the dead body of his wife; with an arm passed beneath her head. He patted her cheek and wiped away the blood. He called on her to forgive him.

"Come back to me, May. Come back to me. I am sorry. Speak to me. I am sorry, May; I am sorry. Speak to me. She is dead! My God, she is dead! Lottie, your mother is dead. Oh, Lottie, I am sorry."

A Suicide.—No suicide this year has created such a marked sensation as that of H. Marryat Marton, the young and talented Englishman who was found in High Park with a bullet through the heart, a cigarette between his stiffened fingers, a revolver beside him, and near it a flask three-quarters full of whiskey. Shortly before this deceased wrote: "I have drained the cup; I have had my fill, and lost my soul." Will not God make inquiry for this man's blood upon the skirts of the liquor legislators and license voters, the rum-makers and sellers of Ontario, who finished the work their English prototypes had begun?

The Editor's Catch-All.

Bioscope Success.

Staff-Capt. McLean is meeting with much success on his bioscope tour. At Glace Bay the crowd could not get in. Six souls were saved, and the income amounted to \$115. Crowded buildings have been the rule all along the line; and why should it not be so? His views are good, interesting, and instructive, and can be used to advantage to advance the cause to which we are devoted.

A Swiss Lassie.

Lieut. Helbling, of the French corps, Montreal, is a Swiss lassie from beautiful Zurich. She was converted there, and speaks of the work of the S. A. in her native city very highly. The Army has four halls there, and numbers over 500 soldiers. She has been an officer for four years, mostly in France, previous to her appointment to Canada. The Lieutenant was in the recent Mile End riots.

Good-Bye to Canada.

Staff-Capt. Ayre has been reluctantly compelled to say good-bye to Canada and take an appointment in the "dry belt" of the U.S.A. owing to his ill-health. He sends through the War Cry a farewell message to his old comrades. May God grant him health and a continuation of success.

The St. John Shelter.

According to a report issued, the St. John Cottlemen's Shelter has done splendid work during the past year—7,954 beds and 10,883 meals have been supplied. Quite a few of these have been in exchange for work. Two hundred and twelve emigrants were also assisted, and clothing distributed to poor men who frequented the Shelter. Of 535 applications for work, 315 have been met with success, and \$450 cash was deposited with the officer in charge for safe keeping.

A Reminiscence of a Social Officer.

He was one of the chaps born and brought up in our village. I knew him well; knew also that within him was an inherent weakness, for he was scion of a drinking ancestry. Alas! the pity of it! Was he, poor fellow, all to blame? Or, rather, will not the All-Seeing Judge who "will by no means clear the guilty; visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, and upon the children's children, unto the third and to the fourth generation," hold them accountable who transmitted to their offspring the dread and evil appetite which sealed his doom?

Light-haired, good-natured, happy-go-lucky sort of fellow, whose reckless love of pleasure and excitement led him into the gayest circle the village could boast of.

He worked in the same block hard by where I also toiled, so I knew him both in working and leisure hours.

As salesman, few could surpass his agility and affable manner. But the first shady acts I noticed in his career was the liberal tips he stole furtively from his boss' brown ale pitcher, which he kept for his own personal convenience under his shop desk. I don't know that the boss ever caught him at it. Perhaps he did not, yet now and again (and more frequently as the days went by) Tom outwitted himself—he didn't successfully measure how much he could take without it being apparent. Several times others of the boys and I helped him to a safe place where he could sleep off the effects of drinking too much.

Then I got converted, and after a period of absence, returned to my native village to find Tom more reckless than ever. He was a central figure in a clique that I didn't care to associate with. Reckless, wild, dissolute boys—regular dare-devils.

How quickly one can go down the steep when once the foot is planted on the decline! Tom went down with astonishing rapidity.

I got hold of him one day alone, and asked him if he didn't think it was time he got converted and forsook his sinful course, but he shook his head as though his mind were already made up, and said, "I positively can't now—I'm too much involved."

Not till long afterwards did I really understand what that meant.

In the meantime I entered the work, and as the course of my service led me within jail gates, striving to minister hope and salvation to souls, to my sorrow and surprise I met Tom again there.

Ah, me, how low he had sunk! and how the iron grip of law outraged claimed him. I verily believe he left those walls with an earth-born desire to get better. He crossed the border line to get clear of the old pals and their enticements, and to start again.

But seemingly he forgot that there, as well as here, the enemy has innumerable agents ready to pounce upon a weakling and drag him lower still. For a time he struggled to make a straight course, but the drink craze vanquished him. To master his appetite he was impotent.

At last, with nerves all shattered, will-power reduced to a minimum, and yet the duties of life to face, he resorted to drugs, with a vain hope of regaining his balance. The first dose didn't do it, so he tried again, and then the very pains of hell got hold on him.

The chemist to whom he applied for relief was aghast when he learned the quantity of fatal drug he had imbibed.

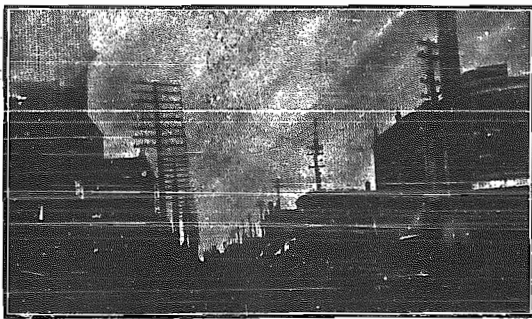
"Man," said he, "there's no hope for you—it means death!"

"Death?" almost shrieked poor, wretched Tom, "and I am not ready!"

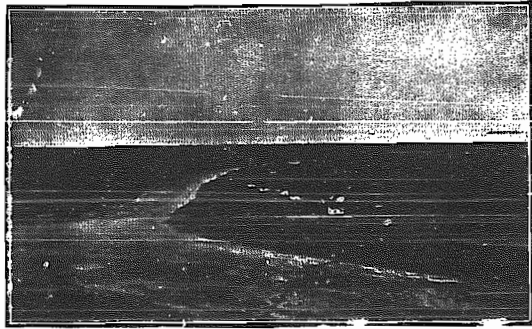
They were his last words, for he had hardly uttered them ere he reeled and sank.

Tom had gone to his account at the great tribunal of God.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."



Victoria Avenue, Fort William.



Kaministiquia River, Near Fort William

FORT WILLIAM.

THE COMING CITY OF THE GREAT LAKES—A THRIFTY, BOOMING TOWN WITH MANY POSSIBILITIES—THE ARMY HOLDS ITS OWN THERE.

An observing visitor to the twin towns of Port Arthur and Fort William cannot help being impressed with the fact that these two places are destined to become great centres of population as the Dominion of Canada expands in the number of inhabitants.

Situated on Lake Superior, the harbor facilities are good, and the locality is the natural railway and shipping centre between Winnipeg and the east.

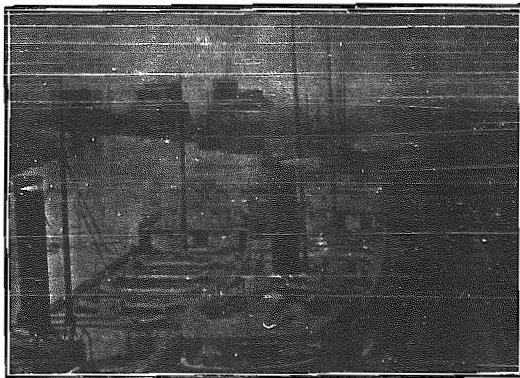
Fort William concerns us in the present sketch. The town is situated on the Kaministiquia River, where it empties into Thunder Bay, marked visible for some distance by land or water by the peculiar-shaped Thunder Cape. The town has been chosen as the shipping-point on the Great Lakes by the C.P.R., and has elevator capacity for eight or ten million bushels of grain. Owing to one or two disastrous fires, the elevators are now constructed in the most modern method. If only the shipping of grain is considered, it guarantees a safe future for the town, and as the west expands its wheatfields Fort William will increase its elevator capacity.

Fort William is locally in a level plain at the base of a mountain that redeems the scenery. In the early days forts and dwellings of the North-West Fur Company were situated at the present town site.

The town enjoys at this moment a great boom of land, and prices have soared up to fancy figures, owing to the fact that the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway is expecting to locate their shipping point for the lakes near by, as well as other railroad lines are hoped to enter the town. Probably the hopes for a rapid development are a little premature and prices

of land may somewhat relax for some time, but it is certain that Fort William will steadily develop and grow, and in years to come the two towns will grow into prosperous cities.

The Salvation Army is well represented, although the work is somewhat difficult owing to a large foreign element present; but the corps is doing nicely, and in due time will probably own a new citadel of its own.



Fort William Ha bor.

GOLD DUST.

Gathered by Margaret Lewis.

"Pray for power equal to your task."

"There is no darkness but ignorance."

"Sentiment cannot do duty for humanity."

"Our to-days and yesterdays are the blocks with which we build."

"God's best gift to us is not things but opportunities."

"A high purpose is magnetic and attracts rich resources."

"Tis looking downward makes one dizzy."

"Be resolutely and faithfully what you are. Be humbly what you aspire to be."

"Hold thy peace, or say something better than silence."

"Drop the subject when you cannot agree. There is no need to be bitter because you are right."

"Look for the light that the shadow proves."

"Don't let the devil sit on you."

"One never speaks of himself except at a loss."

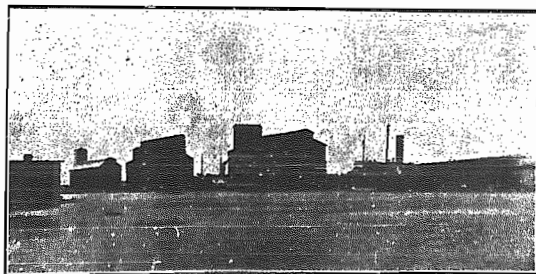
"Whatever you may be sure of, be sure of this: that you are dreadfully like other people."

"Not in the clamor of the crowded street, nor in the shouts and plaudits of the throng, but in ourselves are triumph and defeat."

"Life's discouragements are shadows which soon vanish; but while passing will develop character for us."

"There's life alone in duty done, and rest alone in striving."

"To educate the heart one must be willing to go out of himself and to come into contact with others."



Elevators and Sheds of C. P. R., Fort William.



Bird's-Eye View of Fort William.

VIEWS OF INDIA AND HINDOOS.

OBSERVATION SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR THE CANADIAN WAR CRY
BY A FORMER CANADIAN OFFICER.

India, as a mission field, is less attractive in its victories than by the magnitude of the obstacles to be surmounted. Such a knotted mass of self-satisfied heathenism, and fortified by superstition so hoary! Here are a people so inflexible of mind as to suggest a missing link between the higher forms of plant and animal life. Their villages are unspeakably dirty. Year after year for a decade plague has broken out with the cold weather, yet the same unsanitary conditions prevail. Neither can the authorities persuade any considerable number to be inoculated, nor in any case submit to segregation of patients. "The Lord plagued" Israel because of the golden calf. So has He cursed India for her idolatry. Yet, to human vision, the pestilence and famine seem wasted upon her, there being no general recognition of the Divine displeasure.

India's Religions.

Hindooism seems to be a sort of climatic condition. Islam counts her sixty million followers, but these are scarcely more Musselman than Hindoo. True followers of Mecca's prophet may eat with Jew or Christian, but not with the idolater. This Indian variety incline more to the idolater. A community of some 100,000 Parsees are as a dash of nutmeg to the Bombay Presidency. This proud Parsian race cultivate European habits and vices. Essentially a superior people, yet being non-absorbant by religion and luxurious in living to the point of decadence, they cannot be reckoned as fittest to survive.

Shifting Standard of Christianity.

Christianity even shows marks of shifting towards heathen standards. A disregard of Sunday is not unknown among us. Angry speaking, if not actual bad temper, finds ready excuse. Virtual peravication I have heard recommended by Christian leaders. Indeed, this climate is considered over trying for a true profession or practice of holiness. Sad, sad story that it is, we must take account of it, for angels weep at the sight. Neither far nor near is the appalling need under which these 300 millions languish at all understood. Full many a missionary spirit quails before the dire chaos; some fall away; more run away, by permission, i.e., are transferred, while not a few settle down to spiritless routine. I myself have been roundly lectured upon the "necessity of settling down" to patient, fruitless time-service. May our God rid us of such spiritual eurosians.

The Plague.

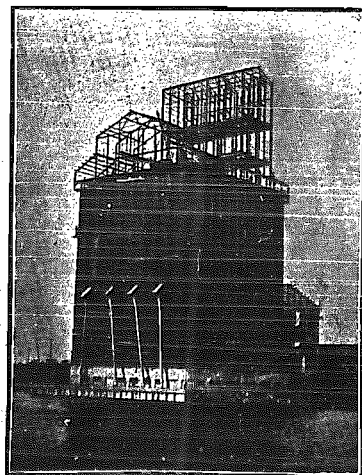
Against this background, a dust-blackened foliage in the glare of a tropical sun, and unaccountably related thereto, a degrading, but all-absorbing religious system against this, place a few characteristic scenes. We enter Ked before daybreak. A native official himself fleeing, warns us "Plague has broken out." Close by we hear a woman wailing over her dead child. As night vanishes before the glowing morn, creaking doors announce the issue upon the scene of a dejected humanity. A night within those clay walls, with no ventilation, might father haggard looks in the stoutest. Yet there is an extra sadness, so contagious even the dogs and fowls seem to feel it. A bent and bony old man, leaning on a bamboo pole, comes slowly forward. Harshly he orders the children from the path. Not coming too near, he drops stick and sandals, while with clasped hands and upturned face he asks God to bless the Sahib, and looking me in the face says, "Now quickly pray that the plague be stayed." Like many another, he, ignoring his guilt and sin, was ready enough to acknowledge the Christian's God in case of emergency. A whole low caste village will frequently turn to Christianity when in difficulty; a law case pending or famine in prospect. They may even give up their idols, but give up their sinful habits and pagan feasts they seldom will. Years of teaching may fail to give them any conception of heart submission.

The Gramophone.

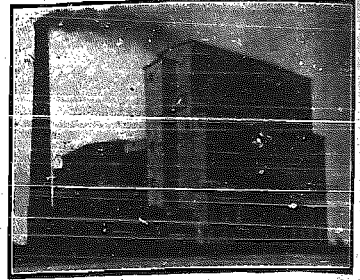
Into Nam we came at sunrise, bringing a Monarch gramophone. When not away in the fields, people always throng a new-comer. This opportunity I consider too good to lose. Excellent music was soon ringing from the great horn. One caste—Mhars—filled one end of the barracks. At my invitation another low caste—Mhays—filled up the other end, when, to the consternation of the local officer, the Mhars quickly departed. Protesting that I dare not turn anyone out of God's house, I continued the meeting. The vacant places were at once filled by high caste men, anxious to hear this loud swelling band music. How gladly high and low listened to the sweet old story of love. To my strongest denunciation of sin they would nod assent and acquiesce to all Christ's claims. In every village the gramophone will draw all castes and make them most appreciative hearers. God help us that we may become as ready doers of the word.

A Cleanly Folk.

Ah, here is a little pile of mud huts on the mountain side, a suburb of Satara. A cleanly folk, with frank, intelligent faces, meet us. The town fathers some months ago invited the S. A. to come and teach them. So completely have they lent themselves to the teaching that a goodly number of men and women show the fruits of actual conversion. Praise the Lord! He can save the heathen, and here is evidence of His power. Day school and night school and every meeting is crowded. All side expenses are met by the people themselves, and collections are very generous for such poor families. As Mhanges, they were regarded as a wild race of robbers, and male adults must individually report each evening to the police. If the night were stormy they were required to lie before the police office till daybreak. Many men against whom there never was a crime suffer this hardship because of their race. Now, as Christians, our converts are given by the Government official into our charge, and need no longer report to the police.—Russ Greenway, Capt.



Ogilvie Elevator, Built of Steel Tubes, Fort William.



The New Empire Elevator, Fort William.

Why I am a Soldier of the Salvation Army.

By A. Aylsworth.

1. Because the Salvation Army has, I believe, been called of God to do a specified work, namely, the salvation of the unchurched masses, which include nearly three-fourths of the population in all our large cities. I am needed and wanted to help do this work.
2. For over eight years it has been my privilege to observe the churches and the Salvation Army in Canada and the United States; and I am told they are the same the world over, and my conviction is that the Salvation Army is the best place in the world to save souls.
3. It can be said of the Army: It preaches the Gospel to the poor. None are so poor in means, goodness, or health, but it will stoop to help, save, and comfort.
4. The Army is international and seeks to reach all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people. It is unsectarian and recognizes no denominational lines, but loves to seek and help all alike in seeking to bring the world to God.
5. No organization in the world is founded on better principles. They are: 1st, Going to the people with the message of salvation; 2nd, Attracting the people. 3rd, Saving the people; 4th, Giving everybody something to do.
6. There is no other organization in the world that offers such a chance to young men and young women alike to become soul-winners and apostles for God; no other place presents so many open doors to usefulness, nor is there any place that offers a better chance for the old and young to pray and work and shine for God and souls.
7. It offers a place and work for all. There is always something to do, and will be as long as there are souls to save.
8. In the Army all may live a holy life and one separate and distinct from the world because the uniform helps literally to fulfil the command, "Come out from among them and be ye separate" (2 Cor. vi. 17). Come out from the world. "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him" (1 John ii. 15).
9. The Army is the nearest to the old-time religion of the Bible and of Jesus and the apostles that can be found in the world at present on such a large scale and so successful. Its religion is the martyr's kind.
10. The Salvationists have no reputation to lose, and can practically do what they like for the salvation of souls. The people expect strange methods, or any methods that it does fit to use.
11. I believe the Army was raised up by God and is the manifestation of the Holy Ghost in the world, and believe it to be the apostle of the streets, God's friend of the poor, the criminal, and the suffering; the Church of the Black Sheep; the asylum for wayward sons, ruined daughters and drunken fathers and mothers; the instrument for bringing happiness, usefulness, and heaven to millions of earth's lost and suffering ones.

A PASSION FOR SOULS.

Oh, for a passionate passion for souls!
 Oh, for a pity that yearns!
 Oh, for the love that loves unto death!
 Oh, for the fire that burns!
 Oh, for the pure prayer-power that prevails.
 That pours itself out for the lost;
 Victorious prayer in the Conqueror's name,
 Oh, for a Pentecost!

Infinite Saviour, in mighty compassion,
 Take Thy poor child to-night;
 That which she hath not in tenderness give
 Teach her to pray and to fight. [her,
 Cost what it may of self-crucifixion,
 So that Thy will be done;
 Cost what it may of loneliness after,
 So only souls be won.

And now in the hush of this solemn hour,
 I would lie at Thy feet, O Christ;
 Whilst Thou, all majestic in love and power,
 Dost keep Thy child a tryste.
 Thyself, unveiled, in Thy beauty fair,
 Would dazzle these earth-born eyes;
 But, oh, one day I shall see Thee there,
 In the glory of a surprise!

Thou art speaking now—dost Thou give to
 A choice as in olden time? [me
 Dear Lord, wilt Thou put the end of the rope,
 That pulleth Thine prayer-bell chime,
 In my little hand, Thine unfolding, so
 That nothing may be of me? [know
 When it soundeth above, our Father will
 'Tis rung, O beloved, by Thee!

SPIRITUALITY: WHAT IT IS.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston, Barrie.

No. 1.

The question is often asked one, What is spirituality?

I would like just to say a word as to what spirituality is not.

It is not feeling, emotion, sentiment. These may all be elements which enter into it, but spirituality is something more—mightier, deeper, broader—than these. Dr. Henry Drummond says: "The spiritual life is the life of the spirit. The spiritual man is no mere development of the natural, he is a new creature, born from above." Spirituality, then, is the perfecting of the Christ-life in us.

Being born of the Spirit, the Christian life is one of progress, advancement.

We see many analogies in human life and in God's beautiful world of nature.

In the lovely springtime mother earth donned a wondrously beautiful dress. After the continued frost and snow of the long winter we were delighted to see the bursting buds, the waving foliage, and the green leaves of varied tints, trembling and glistening in the bright June sunlight; but later we were not satisfied if the fragrance of the full-blown rose was not wafted upon the summer breeze, and the trees in our orchards had not bowed their branches with the burden of ripening fruit.

The prattle of the wee baby in your nursery is the most joyous music you can hear. But in the coming years you will not be satisfied with babyhood's pretty ways and words; you will want to see the sturdy boy, full of mischief, schemes for fun and ambitious for the future, and the sweet, winsome, merry-voiced maiden with open, receptive mind, drinking at the well of knowledge as the summer flower drinks the refreshing draughts from the fountain of the morning dew.

The law ruling the realm of nature is the law of growth, and the power that sways the spiritual kingdom is one of development.

"He must increase, but I must decrease," said John the Baptist one day in speaking of his Divine Master. Dr. Simpson writes: "This is the secret of spiritual growth. We do not grow except to grow less and make room for Him. The secret of spiritual progress is the cross. The power of self-dis-

placement is renunciation and self-sacrifice, and the blessed art of appropriating Christ in every place where we used to count upon our own resources. There are three steps in spiritual progress. The first is our insufficiency; the second is His all-sufficiency, and then the third is our efficiency through Him for all things to which He calls us in His holy will and providence. The spiritual life is a yielded life. Tennyson, in his "Memoriam," expresses this thought beautifully—

"Our wills are ours, we know not how,
 Our wills are ours to make them Thine."

They are ours—we are sovereign in our power of will. We must make them the Lord's, and as we do, the Holy Ghost comes in greater measure, making Himself manifest through us.

The spiritual life is one of faith. The inspired writer tells us that faith is the substance (or foundation) of things hoped for, the evidence (or assurance) of things not seen, and proceeds to explain the great achievements of the galaxy of heroes and martyrs, whose lives have left behind them an immortal record.

Oh, the difficulties that have been faced, the conquests that have been made, through faith. The shield of faith has been represented by someone as "framed all of diamonds, perfect, pure, and clean."

The importance of faith is recognized by the best of all religions, and there is no power, light, or wisdom without it. There is faith in all the world about us; it is kept in motion by the exercise of faith.

General Booth says: "Faith has five qualities: Revelation—knowledge; perception—seeing; assent—acknowledgement; trust—reliance in God; confession—speaking of God."

Faith is the revelation of God. We do not understand all about Him, but we must know of Him—who He is, what He is—to believe in Him. Faith is above knowledge. It is sometimes above reason. The raising of Lazarus was above the reason of Mary and Martha, but the mind sees the importance of faith, and there is no knowledge of God without it.

Faith (perception) is the telescope through which men see God; unbelief always means unrest and fear, but the trusting soul, with a child's simplicity, places its hand in its father's and goes forward fearlessly.

Confession keeps our faith, for "with the heart man believeth, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Many, through early religious training, find it difficult to speak of the hidden things of the heart. Many retiring, sensitive natures are reticent upon spiritual matters, but speaking out the goodness of God is helpful and strengthening to one's faith.

Oh, let us get into the habit of faith. It is, I know, the gift of God, but so are our eyes, and arms, and tongue, but how useless these gifts are if we do not exert them.

Our faith will be tested. If we trust God through the mysterious dispensations which come to our life, He will trust us with the secrets of His love and the privileges of His service.

Our faith will be tested. A great fire raged in a large American city. Many splendid buildings laid in ruins. Like a lone monument in the wilderness, there stood among the charred timbers and smoking cinders which marked the spot of the conflagration a solitary wall. As soon as the smoke had cleared away the enterprising firm who had erected the wall hung a great canvas sheet over it, blazoned with the announcement:

"This wall was warranted fire-proof. It has stood the test."

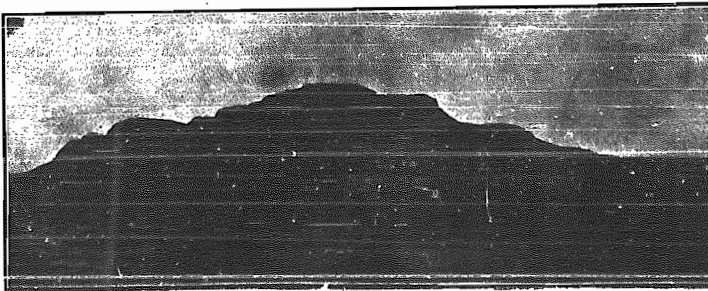
So it will be with us.

(To be continued.)

The Inspiration of the Bible.

How the Almighty Writes Biographies.

There are certain things in the Bible which, to my mind, bear the impress of Divinity. A sceptic will tell you what a race of old sinners we read about in the Bible. Noah got drunk, David was guilty of adultery and murder, Solomon was an idolater and wrought folly, Peter denied his Lord, and Judas sold Him for thirty pieces of silver. All these people that the Bible talks to us so much about are a pretty set of men. Very well, what kind of men do you expect to read about in the Bible? Noah got drunk. Is that strange? Did no one else ever get drunk? Peter cursed and swore. Are there not other men who curse and swear? Judas, an apostle, sold his Lord, who said He had chosen twelve and one of them was a devil. Do you not sometimes find a Judas in every church even nowadays, even at two per cent.? One in twelve was a thief and a traitor then, and we need not be surprised if we find about the same average now. But you seem to think that when you read about a man in the Bible he is sure to be free from all kinds of errors, frailties, faults, and sins. Do you suppose that if the Bible had been written by some learned doctor, revised by a committee of eminent divines, and published by some great religious society, we should ever have heard of Noah's drunkenness, of Abraham's deception, of Lot's disgrace, of Jacob's cheating, of Paul and Barnabas quarrelling, or of Peter's lying, cursing, or dissembling? Not at all. The good men, when they came to such an incident, would have said, "There is no use in saying anything about that. It is all past and gone; it will not help anything and it will only hurt the cause." If a committee of such eminent divines had prepared the Bible, you would have had a biography of men whose characters were patterns of piety and propriety, instead of poor sinners, as they were. Sometimes a man writes his own diary and happens to leave it for some one to print after he is dead, but he leaves out all the mean tricks he ever did, and puts in all the good acts he can think of, and you read the pages, filled with astonishment, and think what a wonderfully good man he was. But when the Almighty writes a man's life He tells the truth about him, and there are not many persons who would want their lives printed if the Almighty wrote them.—S.M. P.



The Famous Thunder Cape, Near Fort William.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE.

SWEET LIVES.

The lives that make the world so sweet
Are shy, and hide like humble flowers;
We pass them by with our careless feet,
Nor dream 'tis their fragrance fills the bower,
And cheers and comforts us, hour by hour.

AIM HIGH.

"The further off the goal we aim for," said De Lesseps, the great French engineer, "the more need of aiming high. A low aim never takes anyone very far. We must allow for the constant dragging gravitation of worldly things, and aim so high that their influence cannot overcome our purpose."

A COUNTRY WITHOUT A COURT.

There are no manufactures in Iceland. Each home is a factory, and every member of the family a hand.

Shoes are made from goatskins. The long stockings worn over these in wading through snow, are knitted by the women and children, and even the beautiful broadloom comes smooth and perfect from the hand loom found in every house.

The sweet simplicity of their national costume does away with the necessity of fashion books. Young girls who are about to be married need take no thought as to "wherewithal shall they be clothed." When they array themselves in the wedding garments of their ancestor, two or even three generations remote, they are perfectly up-to-date in the manner of attire.

This simple life is conducive to a state of high morals, higher probably than in any part of the world. There is not a drop of liquor manufactured on the island, and for the 75,000 population there is but one policeman. There is neither a jail nor any place of incarceration for criminals; nor yet is there a court, where a high crime could be tried.

The percentage of crime is so small that it does not warrant the expense of keeping up a court. When a criminal trial becomes necessary, the offender is taken to Denmark to answer to the law for his misdeeds.

The women are among the most advanced in the world. Their Women's Political League has a membership of 7,000, and they enjoy more civil rights than the women of almost any other country, having a voice in all elections save that for members for their legislative body.

"IT IS NOT I."

History tells us that Augustine, who became the greatest of the Christian Fathers of the Church, was swept away by a mighty current between two women—his mother, Monica, a saintly woman, and another woman who had fascinated him almost to ruin. Sometimes Monica attracted him heavenward, and at other times the evil influence of the other woman dragged him to the very verge of the abyss. The conflict was long and terrible, and Augustine was like a chip upon the tide, swept backward and forward. One afternoon he was led to read the New Testament, which his mother had left on the garden seat. He read the thirteenth chapter of Romans, about casting out the works of darkness and putting on the works of light. Instantly he arose. He had made his decision. He had counted the cost. He told his friends, and they went and told Monica, and Monica was glad. The next day he went down the main street of Carthage. As he did so he met the woman who had been the fascination of his soul for evil. As he passed her she said, "Augustine, it is I." He said, "It is not I," and passed her, and was saved.

HOW BIRDS DRESS.

Birds think a good deal about their dress and are careful to keep themselves tidy and in good order.

Of course, their fashions differ, because birds themselves differ, but they do not change. A robin to-day dresses just as her grandinther did, and none of her neighbors would dream of calling her old-fashioned. Neither do birds have many suits. Two a year is quite sufficient for most of them, and many are content with only one.

As a rule, the gentlemen dress more gaily than their mates, though they spend less time upon their toilets.

Just watch your canary after he has had his daily bath. See how each separate feather is cleaned, pulled, and looked over, and how all the loose ones are taken out and dropped.

All this is done by the bill. For a bird's neck is so flexible that it can be turned in all directions, but the bill cannot reach the head, and so Mr. Canary uses his foot.

With it he combs his hair first on one side, then

on the other, scratching very fast, as if to get all tangles out. Then he uses his hair-oll, for although complexion powders are not known in the bird world, hair oll certainly is. Ladies and gentlemen alike carry it about with them. They have a little pouch or saok at the back near the tail, for the purpose. When Madame Bird wishes to use it she squeezes it out with her beak, just as you would press a rubber bulb; then she lays the oil on her back just above her wings, and rubs her head against it, turning her neck in all directions until every feather in her head is straight and shining.

JAPANESE DWARF TREES.

I once saw in Japan, says Dr. Francis E. Clark, the founder of the Christian Endeavor movement, some of the most remarkable trees that ever grew. They were hundreds of years old, and not a hundred inches high. The most marvelous collection was in Count Okuma's garden near Tokyo. Here were pine trees that started to grow in the seventeenth century, that at the dawn of the twentieth century were not too large to be carried in one hand, pot and all. Others, whose seed was planted about the time when Columbus sailed for America, were already outstripped by saplings planted the year before last.

In another place was a grove of Lilliputian plum trees, gnarled and knotted and twisted by centuries of wind and weather, that were none of them too large to grace a dinner table, as they often did when in full bloom. More marvelous still, there were other little trees, planted before most of our readers were born, say in the early 'sixties, that were still thriving.



Com. Isolator Oliphant, in charge of Salvation Army Forces in Germany.

ing (it is too much to say "growing") in a teacup, while others, planted more than twenty years ago, had not outgrown a lady's thumb.

The Japanese are past masters in the art of dwarfing trees. They nip off the tree's roots and pinch its limbs, and starve it with little soil, and let it go thirsty and dry, but at the same time keep the breath of life in it, until it becomes the veriest travesty of a tree, a mankind vegetable with the wrinkled face of an old man on the legs of a little boy. Infinite patience and skill and time untold must have been given thus to stunt and dwarf those grotesque growths.

MILK PUTS OUT COAL OIL.

The following paragraph appeared in a paper: "Milk is suggested as a good extinguishing agent for petroleum. It forms an emulsion with the oil, and by disturbing the cohesion attenuates the combustible element as water cannot."

Translated into English, it means: When your coal oil lamp is upset and sets the room on fire, throw milk on it, not water.

BUTTER AS MEDICINE.

Butter is so common a commodity that people use it and scarcely ever think what wonderful value lies at their hand in the fats of yellow cream fat. This, according to science Sittings, is as valuable as the dearest cod-liver oil for weakly, thin people, and doctors have frequently recommended the eating of many thin slices of bread thickly spread with butter as a means of pleasantly taking into the body tissues one of the purest forms of fat-it is possible

to get. In all our consumptive sanatoria patients are urged to eat as much butter as possible, and it is no rare thing for a patient to consume half a pound of butter daily. Butter is not a simple fat, but a mixture of no less than seven different sorts, and no more complex oil can be taken than this.

The Ocean Telegraph.

The Story of a Great Industry Which Has Rendered Communication Between all parts of the World Wonderfully Swift and Easy.

The ingenuity of man has placed an electric girdle round the world; and yet, only as recent as 1846, people were laughing over an attempt to establish cable communication between Dover and Calais, and calling the project "a mad freak" or "a gigantic swindle!"

That cable was laid, but only served to convey a message to Louis Napoleon when an enterprising Boulogne fisherman hauled it up out of the sea under the impression that he had found a new sort of sea-weed. Ignorance and prejudice were as much the enemies of the deep-sea cable as they were, and are now, for the matter of that—of the Salvation Army.

Laughed at as Madmen.

The inventors of submarine telegraphy were laughed at as madmen. They were left to bankrupt themselves for the public good, and had to endure all sorts of reproaches because their faith held firm. Professor Morse, whose name is perpetuated in the system he invented, wrote in 1842, when he was experimenting with messages sent through wire sunk in New York harbor:

"If an atom of means, my stockings all want to see mother, and my hat is heavy with age."

The inventors held on and triumphed, and to-day the laugh is against the people who ridiculed them. There are now close on to two thousand submarine telegraph lines in the world, their aggregate length is over 200,000 miles, and their total cost is estimated at about \$500,000,000. These are moderate estimates, and every year they are being added to.

There is something almost uncanny in the thought that the words we read on the flimsy piece of paper when came to us in the familiar buff-colored envelope have been transmitted through wires which lie deep down in the ocean where the light of the sun has never penetrated, and which cross barrier ranges where wrecks lie on coral hill-sides, and come up to the shore through raging surf which would dash a boat to pieces in a minute.

Knowledge creates knowledge, and the study of submarine cables and how to lay them has led to much exploration of ocean depths and strange discoveries which might otherwise never have been made.

Before a cable is laid, soundings have to be taken, and from the drum on board a telegraph or cable steamer, a wire goes running down, weighed with a heavy shot, and fitted with appliances for sampling what lies at "the bottom of the deep blue sea."

In the Depths of the Ocean.

Somewhat one pictures "the ocean bed" as being made of gleaming sand on which lie monsters of the deep side by side with the long cable stretching from shore to shore; but, as a matter of fact, there are mountains as well as plains, deep gorges, and forests of waving seaweed. Moreover, in these ocean depths there are strange creatures with the scales of a fish and the ferocity of a tiger, sword-fish, and great whales, all of whom have to be reckoned with in the laying of the cable.

And once it is laid, with infinite care and pains, at the risk of men's lives, and with many an adventure by the way, it is in danger from corrosion, from the thousand and one chances of submarine life, and the natural process of "wearing out."

Strange, however, it is to think that "a message from the General" set at liberty by deft fingers at Melbourne or Sydney, is taken charge of by a copper steamer, a guttie-percha sheath and set tingling and shivering over the deep, across ocean Sahara, past lost ships whose dead will never be given up till the Day of Judgment, and set free once more in a London office where the operator who receives it is a very prosaic Londoner who has never travelled further than Brighton and back!

How Did it Come There?

The snub-nosed fish, with eyesight undeveloped, because he has no use for it in the murky depths of the sea, may well wonder, as the runs right up against the Australian cable, how it came there! It is obviously an intrusion on his domain, and his history must be curious.

So, indeed, it is, and yet it is of quite modern origin. Telegraphy, practically, came in with the reign of Queen Victoria, although it is true that in the previous century a Spaniard named Salva founded certain ideas which foreshadowed the submarine cable. The success of telegraphy on land set various clever people thinking how it might run under water; and in India a Dr. O'Shaughnessy conducted some experiments which led him to the conclusion that the deep-sea route might be taken across the wet bed, "nay, even led through a river, and would still conduct the electrical signals with out any appreciable loss."

(To be continued.)

From University to Shelter.

THE STORY OF A CAMBRIDGE STUDENT WHO, THROUGH DEBAUCHERY, WAS LED TO FORGERY AND POVERTY—HIS RESCUE BY AN S. A. OFFICER AND RESTORATION TO HIS FAMILY.

Returning by rail from a recent appointment I met with a fellow-traveler, whose whole appearance betokened a man of character. He was considerably over middle age, his manner was confident, even to assertiveness, and his face, fringed with a long, grey beard, was ruddy with health and clean living. "You're a Salvationist, I see?" said he. "Hallelujah! I am," was my reply. "And you?"

"I ought to be one, for what the Salvation Army has done for my son," was his response, and his voice quivered with emotion. I instinctively held out my hand in sympathy. It was most effusively shaken.

"Yes," he continued, "but for the Salvation Army I should now be a childless man, and, perhaps, even bereft of my beloved wife."

"Indeed, is that so?" I remarked, and hinted that if he cared to tell the story I should be delighted to listen to it. My interest and sympathy were manifestly appreciated by my companion, who immediately began a story which evidently came direct from his heart, and I am sure went straight to mine.

A Touching Story.

"I am a self-made man. Am in the rug and blanket line, and live at Batley. My missus and I have worked hard and lived hard, and stuck to what we made, and in consequence we've saved money."

"We had a number of children, but only managed to rear one. He proved to be an exceptionally clever boy, and I resolved that he should have greater advantages in the way of education than either of his parents ever had. He did well at the grammar school to which we sent him, and finally went to complete his education at Cambridge University. For the first year or two he was unusually successful. 'Pon my word we were proud of him. The greatest joy of our lives was to read his letters which contained accounts of his successes."

"He was as successful as a rowler on the river as in the classroom."

"Then his success seemed to drop off, and the accounts which reached us from time to time were not good. He had got into a fast set, and was neglecting his studies. Of course, I was sorry to hear of it, but somehow I felt leniently towards him, as I had known several staid men of business, and even professedly religious men, break out, and then go on the straight again, so I thought my boy would have his fling, and then settle down to his work once more. However, I went to Cambridge, gave him sound advice, paid his debts, increased his allowance, and came away feeling that all would be right."

Poor, but Honest.

"My people had been poor, it's true, but had always been honest and upright, and Ralph, my boy, I thought had in him all the best of the strain. True, we'd never bothered much about religion in the usual sense of the word—my religion was that of getting on in life, and in that direction I was zealous enough."

"But things didn't go on with Ralph as we hoped they would. From what we heard from time to time he was getting worse than ever. His mother began to fret about him, and lie awake at night. She disturbed my usually sound sleep with her sighing and weeping."

"I didn't think it was so bad with him, as he had never wrote to me for more money. However, I found out later that he had been writing to his mother, and she fondly and foolishly had supplied him from her private purse until it was exhausted."

"When I found out this I was very angry, and wrote him a sharp letter, but before it reached him the crisis had arrived, for what with suppers, gambling, and other evil courses, the youth had got into a tight fix, and, to free himself, had committed a crime—he forged my name to a cheque in his favor for several hundred pounds, and then disappeared."

"My wrath was terrible; at first I was for putting the affair in the hands of the police, and leaving my son to his fate, but pride in my own good name made me honor the cheque, and thus save the boy from the clutches of the law."

"It was a terrible time for mother. Still her faith in the boy's returning from his wickedness was powerful. I went on with my work, but my zest in it was gone. Business prospered, but I hadn't much heart for it. I began to look back upon my life and wondered why it was that all my hopes had been shattered in this brutal fashion."

Vanity and Vexation.

He paused. The words of the Preacher came into my mind, and in quiet tones I said: "Then I looked on the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor I had labored to do; and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun."

"Yes, that's in the Bible," said my fellow-traveler. "I've read those words since my trouble, and said to my wife that they fitted my experience down to the ground. It's astonishing what a lot there is in the Bible that seems to meet my circumstances. I've got a great deal of comfort out of the Book lately. However, I shall be getting out of the train soon, and I should like you to hear the conclusion of my story."

A Mother's Love.

"The boy's mother worried terribly. She was always wondering where he was and what were the circumstances he was in. Was he starving? Had he a place to sleep at night? Was he living, or was he dead? These and a thousand other questions she was constantly asking herself, and as there was no one there to answer she began to pine away. She was hungering for a sight of her boy. By this time I was wanting him badly myself. I didn't say much to anyone, but my thoughts were always on him, so I set two or three agencies at work to find Ralph. They advertised in the papers, had searchers at work; but all to no purpose. It seemed as if he had vanished off the face of the earth. One day our hopes would be exalted, and the next they would be dashed to the ground again. It was an anguishing time. Then for a time all seemed black as midnight. We couldn't get any trace of him anywhere. We thought he was dead, and deep sorrow took possession of our hearts."

"But it is always darkest before dawn, and one day a telegram reached us. It was from Ralph, saying that he was coming home that day."

"He did not say by what train or route he was coming, so we could only await his arrival."

Ralph's Return.

"I cannot tell you the state of mind we were in. Each minute we expected him, and at last he came. But, oh, how altered, Ralph, when we saw him last—three years before—was a strong, handsome, high-spirited, well-set-up chap that any parent might be proud of. But now he stood before us in penitent dejection. His face pale and lined, his clothes shabby, and his whole appearance betokening

one who had been through great hardship and suffering. But he was our Ralph. Mother she hung herself around his neck and laughed and cried by turns. My eyes became dim, and speak I could not. Ralph was equally moved. At last he huskily said, 'Father, forgive me.'

"I do, my son," I said.

"Thank God," said he, and placing his mother on a couch, knelt at her side as he used to do in brighter days, and with sorrowing voice told us of his sin and folly."

The home-coming of Ralph was not related to me with the fluency with which it is told in this story. My companion frequently stopped to wipe his eyes, and his voice at times became inarticulate with emotion. It was a pathetic recital of a touching incident.

The following account of what his boy went through was not related with a dry eye.

Destitute in London.

"When Ralph left the university he went to London and spent the money that he had obtained by forgery in dissipation. When it was gone he found himself stranded in that great city. He slept in the haunts of the homeless by night, and starved in the midst of plenty by day."

"One night he sat on a bench on the Thames Embankment, faint with hunger and shivering with the cold. He was debating in his mind whether he should end all his miseries in the black river that rolled before his eyes, or struggle on."

"While in this frame of mind a cheery voice fell upon his ear."

"It was that of a Salvationist who was distributing food tickets to the homeless by night."

"What are you doing here at this time of the night?" asked the Salvationist.

"But Ralph, suddenly seized with desperation, sprang from his seat and attempted to throw himself over the parapet of the Embankment."

"The officer—God bless him!—seized the despairing youth and talked to him so sympathetically that my poor misguided boy consented to go with the Salvationist to Blackfriars Shelter, where some food was given to him, and he was provided with a place in which to sleep."

A Telegram.

"The following day was Sunday, and a meeting was conducted during the morning, which Ralph attended, and he told us the experiences that other men related had such hope-inspiring effect upon him that he said to himself, 'If these fellows have so improved their position, surely there is a chance for me.' The preaching of the officers, also, gave him to understand that there is a power in salvation that can set a man free from no matter what evil habit he may be a slave to. Well, my son went to the place where penitents go, and, as he puts it, gave his heart to God and became a saved man. That he is changed for the better there is no possible doubt in my mind. He was in the Shelter for a week, and then he consulted with the officer with the result that we got both the telegram and our boy as I have already described."

A Hearty Handshake.

"Something else happened. My boy has led both his parents to know and love the Lord also."

"I change here," said my friend as the train entered a station, "but let me tell you that Ralph is with me, is taking well to the business, and is a great comfort to us both, for which I thank God and bless the Salvation Army. Good-bye!"

He was gone. My hand was aching from the pressure of his handshake, but my heart was leaping within me because I belonged to an organization that was so successful in uplifting the fallen and giving the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness!

There is no doubt about the garment of praise of that father. His home had been made into a heaven by the return of a prodigal son. It was meet for the son that was dead was alive again; and was lost and was found.—Social Gazette.

THE WAR CRY.

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Eastern Officers' Councils.

THE COMMISSIONER AND MRS. COOMBS CONDUCT A SERIES OF SUCCESSFUL MEETINGS AT ST. JOHN, N.B.—SUNDAY A RECORD DAY IN SPITE OF COUNTER ATTRACTIONS—THREE BANDS AND HUNDREDS OF SALVATIONISTS AND FRIENDS CAME TO ST. JOHN FOR THE OCCASION.

(By Wire.)

St. John Officers' Councils have been record demonstrations. Crowds of Salvationists and friends poured into the city on Saturday from all parts of the Maritime Provinces, crowding every train. The first meeting was on Saturday night, soldiers and officers filling the Army hall. Great enthusiasm prevailed. Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs, Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, and Brigadier Smeeton were welcomed as old friends returning. Colonel Kyle received a rousing welcome as new Chief Secretary. The preliminary engagement concluded, the Commissioner spoke on sanctification and soldier's duty. Splendid results followed; fifty forward for sanctification.

Sunday all day at the Opera House. Record attendance in the morning. More direct truth from the Commissioner, enforcing urgent necessity for holy home teaching as key to the expected revival. The influences which pervaded the theatre were irresistible, resulting in twenty-two surrenders. A naval and military march previous to the unveiling of the tablet in memory of the Boer war threatened to interfere with our afternoon audience. Not so, however. An old-fashioned testi-

mony meeting, red-hot and full of liberty, was enjoyed. The Commissioner, Chief Secretary, and Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire took part. Opera House crowded in every part at night and many people were turned away. The Commissioner's Bible reading and address had no uncertain sound, but was characteristic of him, and full of incident and applied truth. The prayer meeting was a hard and well-fought battle; there were some hand-to-hand encounters and some fine bayonet work, Colonel Pugmire doing splendid service. Fourteen souls were captured.

Monday morning united Field and Local Officers' meeting; very useful session indeed. "Evolution of the Army" in the Opera House at night, said to be a great success. Place filled. Contingents representing every phase of Army work present in most attractive form. The meeting lasted two hours. Two souls sought Christ at the conclusion. Newspapers have been most generous, giving many columns to reports, interviews, and announcements. Field Officers' Councils are now proceeding, with every mark of Divine favor. God is with us and victory is sure.—Chief Secretary.

Editorial.

PEACE ON EARTH.

Lovers of humanity will rejoice that there is now a fair promise that the threatened civil war in Russia and a bloody revolution will be avoided, and that the Czar's manifesto will be the turning-point of the present widespread agitation. With the promised liberal government, compulsory education, and freedom of speech and conscience, will come a glorious opportunity of evangelistic work, which will do more than other agencies to develop the spirit most advantageous to the progress of a nation. Doubtless the Salvation Army will be, in time, a great factor in winning over the unevangelized masses of Russia for the Kingdom of Christ.

ALCOHOL AND MEDICINE.

It has been repeatedly proven that the great majority of patent medicines are not only incapable of curing all they are advertised to cure, but that they are positively harmful. A vigorous newspaper campaign against such medicines has been introduced by Collier's Weekly, and deserves to be widely supported by the press, as the sale of these nostrums has become a national evil in Canada and the United States. Some plain speaking of the truth is greatly needed to save the health of the people. We trust to be in a position to give some further light on this question in our next issue. One thing is certain, that the chief ingredient of most patent medicine is alcohol, and that it is largely responsible for the increase of the drink habit among women. Much sickness is exaggerated. When, however, sickness is inborn and undeniable, the aid of a doctor of good reputation should be called in, which will prove more satisfactory in every sense of the word than resorting to patent medicine and the indiscriminate use of drugs.

THE GENERAL

And the Bible Society.

At the thanksgiving meeting which the Bible Society is holding at the Royal Albert Hall on November 7th, over twenty-five different religious and missionary societies will be represented on the platform. The Bishop of Manchester will speak on "The Bible, God's Message to the World." General Booth has decided to speak on "The Bible and the Masses." Count Bernstorff's theme will be "The Bible on the Continent." The Rev. Dr. Forsyth will speak on "The Bible and Foreign Missions," while the Bishop of Carlisle will emphasize "The Lesson of the Meeting."

Among those who are also expected to take part are the Bishop of Wakefield, Bishop Hutchinson, the Rev. Marshall Hartley, the Rev. J. G. Greenough, Mr. Cheng Ching Yi (reviser of the Mandarin Bible), and Mr. Tubusana (reviser of the Kaffir Bible).

A Sweet Hour with Mrs. Commissioner Coombs.

As one of the oldest—if not the oldest—Salvationist present, I feel that I would like to write just a note concerning that sweet hour our dear Mrs. Coombs spent with the women officers during the recent Anniversary Councils. Some of us who had the privilege of serving as officers in the first days of the Army's work in Canada cherish precious memories of the blessings received through the loving counsel and valuable help given by Mrs. Coombs in those "good old times." It was, therefore, with mingled feelings we listened to her words, as once again, after the lapse of so many years, she gathered the Canadian women warriors about her. It was a blessed hour, full of inspiration to all present. The thought of it will prove a strength in the days when difficulties have to be faced and temptations overcome.

Especially did Mrs. Coombs' words on the influence of good women find a deep place in our hearts. All cannot shine in high places, and do great exploits, but all can, through Christ, be good, and the emphasis placed upon the importance and influence of goodness of our dear leader will, we believe, make us all strive more and more to be the good women whose lives shall shed a brighter light in all the dark places.

The officers are not the only women who will rise up and call dear Mrs. Coombs blessed for her love and service to them and the cross. As we listened to her earnest, loving words we pictured the many poor outcast women, too, who, through her, as the founder of the great Rescue Work in the Dominion, will praise God for her life's work. Our prayer is that her health may be completely re-established, that the Council and blessing of 1905 may be many times repeated in the future days.—Mrs. Blanche Jennings, Auxiliary Secretary.

Prizes for Everybody.

Wanted, a selection of songs for our weekly song page. Any officer or soldier may send in a collection of six or eight, to be divided as follows:

One or two songs suitable for holiness meetings.

Two for free-and-easy meetings.

Two for salvation meetings.

One for a solo.

Write every song out in full, in ink, on one side of the paper only. Give name of tune where necessary.

Prizes.

1st Prize.—A splendid Bible, leather bound and silk sewn.

2nd Prize.—A very fine Bible.

3rd Prize.—A Song Book, best binding.

The name of the winner will be put, in gilt, on the cover of the Bible or Song Book.

Note.—All selections to be eligible for the competition must reach the Editor not later than December 1st.

Names of winners will be announced in the War Cry, and some consolation prizes given to other good selections suitable for publication.

ST. THOMAS, ONT.

(Special.)

Brigadier Howell spent a blessed soul-saving day with the veterans of St. Thomas corps on October 20th. Together with the officer in charge, Adj. Walker, combined and persistent effort brought success.

The day was crowned with six souls at the mercy seat, which fact sent the Immigration Secretary to his office at Headquarters with a gay and happy heart.

OUR ARMY

FINLAND.

Baron's Daughter Becomes a Salvationist in Helsingfors.

A notable capture has just been made at Helsingfors, Finland. Lieut. Heinonen was travelling for India, and in the meeting, which was of a specially interesting and touching character, was a baron's daughter. Evidently the appeals came with power to the hearts of the audience, for thirteen souls knelt at the mercy seat, and among them the lady referred to.

Better still, she now expresses herself as being willing to "follow the Lord anywhere," and has become a blood-and-fire Salvationist.

MRS. BOOTH

Conducts Some Remarkable Salvation Meetings at Leeds.

While in Leeds for the purpose of addressing the monster mass meeting of women which was fully reported in last week's issue, Mrs. Booth also conducted two remarkable salvation meetings at Leeds 1.

Mrs. Booth riveted the attention of all present from the very outset, and her message was of a most helpful and inspiring nature.

Of the thirty-three who knelt at the penitential form morning and night, the majority were men. At one part of the meeting four great stalwart railway men made their way, practically together, to the mercy seat.

At night the hall was packed, people sitting on the window ledges, while the crowd stood right into the entrance-way, and several hundred could not get near the door at all.

Quite a number of the leading lady organizers of the Coliseum gathering attended on Sunday night, among them being Mrs. Gibson, the lady who had presided.

THE FINNISH CONGRESS.

Our comrades in Finland have just celebrated with joy and enthusiasm their Annual Congress.

Colonel and Mrs. Ogrim, leaders of the Finnish forces, were reinforced by Commissioner Cosandey, of the United Territories of France, Belgium, and Italy, as the Headquarters international representative.

Glorious meetings, intense fervor, and halcyon influences are recorded, and best of all the ingathering of one hundred and forty-seven souls at the mercy seat.

TEMPLE DEMOLISHED.

Whole Village of Southern India Renounces Heathenism.

The village of Kaivie, near Cape Comorin, in Southern India, was the scene of the destruction by Salvation Army officers of the heathen temple and goddess.

Here Ensign Heden, a Swede, worked hard and prayed earnestly for the salvation of the people until the last of the devil-dancers surrendered, became converted, and threw in his lot with the Army.

The villagers then decided that they had no further use for the Hindoo temple or its deities, and at their request a party of officers and soldiers met to demolish these objects of heathen worship.

The key of the building was handed to Lieut. Colonel Sukh Singh (Blowers) by an old man of seventy, who at the same time issued in an earnest request that the temple should be destroyed and in its place a Salvation Army hall and school erected.

In the entrance chamber there was the usual idol, while in the inner shrine the temple implements and a stone god were found.

In the temple compound there was the image of a goddess, also a huge brickwork god known as "Sudala Mardan," besides smaller deities.

With prayer and praise the work of destruction was then begun, under the direction of Colonel Jang Singh (Hammond).

Several women officers, including Lieut. Colonel Mithri, Major Deva Nasem, Major Anbai, and Ensign Veeramoney took the first steps towards reducing to atoms Pathra Kali, the goddess who is supposed to have the special virtue of preserving life during cholera epidemics.



Commissioner Hidsel, in Command of Our Forces in Norway.

And so, with pickaxe, crowbar, and shovel, the men set to work. It was naturally a scene of joyous excitement. With the crash of falling walls there ascended the shouts and songs of not only the officers, but also of the erstwhile devil-dancers.

For hours the work went on, until the last crash. Then the villagers were earnestly exhorted as to the profession they were now publicly making, and finally the whole corps knelt at the mercy seat, surrendering fully to God, and committing themselves to the care of the Salvation Army.

A YOUNG WOMAN'S STRUGGLE.

Selling Matches for a Living with Twin Babies Six Weeks Old.

A pathetic story has just come under the notice of our Slum Officers in North London. Standing near a great railway station may be seen almost any day in the week a young woman selling matches, with two little babies in an old perambulator.

The little ones are only six weeks old, and the woman is a widow!

The children came about two months after the father's death, and since their arrival the mother has striven to support them in this precarious fashion.

She pays 3s. 3d. a week in rent for her room, and has to clean the babies' clothes every night, so that they can be dry for them in the morning.

The children are kept beautifully clean, and the room is also spotless. The officers have left a little condensed milk and some

bread from time to time, and are now trying to make arrangements for the better welfare of the infants, and a situation for their mother, who is passionately fond of the little ones, who were sent, she thinks, to comfort her in her sorrow.

DIVORCE IN BURMA.

There is something to be said for Burma. If the Burmese husband and the Burmese wife come to the conclusion that they have injudiciously increased the marriage rate their procedure is simple and direct. The wife does not go to her solicitor but to the tallow candle. From him she obtains two little candles. She and her husband sit down on the floor, placing the candles between them; one candle represents the husband and one the wife. They are lighted at the same moment, and the owner of the one which goes out first leaves the house, taking only his or her clothes, while the owner of the more-enduring candle remains, also the owner of the house and all that it contains. The wife has the selection of the candles.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Commissioners Higgins and Richards have concluded a Territorial Congress in Cape Town, at which representative officers from all parts were present. The Congress extended over a period of seven days.

Commissioner Richards' visit to Paarl and Wellington was a pronounced success, resulting in much blessing to the local corps.

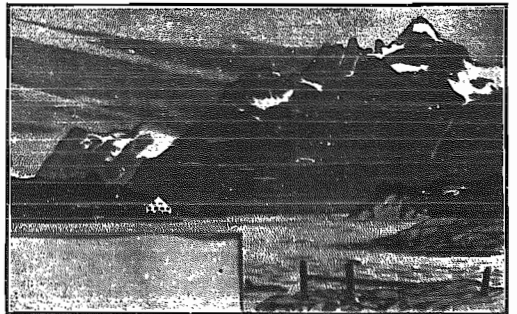
At Wellington the Rev. Dr. Wood spoke of the soul-saving work of the Army, and said that he remembered a time in his own experience when he needed to be spiritually assisted, and that how, with another colleague, he knelt at the holiness table in the city of New York, and there received from God a renewal of Divine strength and power. "I believe," he remarked, "in the Salvation Army, and the way it constantly seeks the salvation of souls."

AID FOR LONDON'S HOMELESS.

Interesting and important extensions in the Social scheme of the Salvation Army were detailed in the official Gazette issued recently. These extensions, it is hoped, will do something towards lessening the distress among the unemployed and homeless during the coming winter.

One of the most important of the new ventures is the site procured for an elevator in Brick-lane, Whitechapel. Here Commissioner Sturges has secured suitable premises for a new waste-paper elevator. This will be opened in the course of the next few weeks and work given daily to over one hundred men.

In Manchester a fresh building is about to be taken over by the Army as an elevator and workshops, whilst at Belfast a Poor Man's Hotel, to accommodate 200 lodgers, will be opened next week. Further developments in Social Work in Scotland are promised almost immediately.



Upp Hammarfjell, Norway.

WEEKLY BULLETIN

Eastern Province.

Charlottetown Charmed with Living Pictures Exhibition—Halifax I. records Seven Surrenders—Bermudian Realization Eclipsed Their Faith—Reinforcements Welcomed—Children's Jubilee at St. George's the Best Yet—Animated Pictures at North Sydney—A Wedding at Sussex—Parrboro Blessed and Blessing.

Charlottetown, P.E.I.—A more enjoyable time than was spent last Thursday evening in our barracks it would be difficult to conceive. Staff-Capt. McLean (than whom no officer is more welcome) brought along the cinematograph, explaining the animated pictures as they were thrown on the canvas by the skilful operator, and the little pleasures that passed between the Staff-Captain and the operator made it all the more interesting. The pictures were really beautiful so very lifelike. For my own part I felt as if I must once more be in the crowd at the Crystal Palace, or some of the principal places in London, and added to all this, we listened to the delightful accompaniments rendered on the piano by Professor Hawley. Altogether it was lovely, and the only regret was that the Staff-Captain could not remain another night to give us a second benefit. Come again, Staff, as soon as you can.—M. F. Ellis.



Treas. W. R. Barlow,
Port Arthur, Ont.

Halifax I.—Sunday, 16th, seven souls. 9.30 a.m. mass meeting at the S. A. Shelter, Hollis St.; about thirty in attendance and \$3.25 in collection. Good meetings all day. Night a large crowd. God was with us in power and many were moved by His Spirit. At the close seven responded to the call and surrendered to God. Praise God for victory.—Yours in the fight, Ends. J. M. P.

Hamilton, Ber.—We are glad to report that our sale in connection with our H. F. proved a great success; it surpassed our anticipations. Our target was smashed to smithereens. On Wednesday night we welcomed into our midst Lieut. Brewer, who comes to fill the vacancy made by the faithful warrior, Lieut. (now Captain) Murphy. We pray that the Saved Brewer will prove as great a blessing to the people of Hamilton as she has to the people of Somerset, where she has labored for the past thirteen months. God bless our leaders.—Yours, under the Yellow, Red, and Blue, Rank Sergt. F. Moore, R. C.

St. George's.—We have not been sleeping. Our H. F. target has been smashed. Special meetings have been very much in evidence of late. The one on Monday last was, as the public said, the best since the Army started here—it was the children's jubilee. Our worthy J. S.—M. Mrs. Kelly, is to be congratulated for the way she trained the juniors. It was quite a lengthy program, and judging by the way the audience shouted, it was a huge success. The junior work is in a flourishing condition. Last night we had a splendid soldiers' meeting. God's presence was felt in a mighty manner. It was quite late when we closed, with two souls out for re-consecration. To God we give the glory and march on to learn more of Him.—Yours in the fight, G. R.

North Sydney.—We have great reason to be a happy crowd for Brigadier Allen has got back safe and sound from his inspection tour through Inverness County, where he has been almost a whole week. Our old friend, Staff-Capt. McLean, whom we were delighted to see, is traveling with a moving picture panorama, and opened her here in the Royal Albert Hall Thursday night. Tell you what, Mr. Editor, it was simply grand. Such sights were brought out on the canvas as are seen on the busy streets of London. The hall, which is one of the largest in town, was well filled. Everybody enjoyed the Staff-Captain's life-sized animated pictures. Truly it was two hours spent of real profitable pleasure. Staff-Captain, come again soon. We North Sydney people will give you a hearty welcome.—Treas.

Treas. N.B.—What's all the hustle and bustle about in town? The Army flag is flying at the mast-head, women are hurrying about the barracks. A young lady on the hill preparing to come to meeting, and a young man from Nova Scotia looking for the jewelry shop. The Captain in the telephone office, the Central trying to get St. John, and then the

voice of Colonel Sharp comes back over the wire. "Yes, Captain, I shall be up myself to conduct the hallelujah wedding." And please allow me to say that it was conducted in a first-class fashion. Everything came off fine. Our prayers and best wishes follow Brother and Sister McCallum to their new home.—Best Man.

Parrboro, N.S.—Glory be to God. Since last report we have been having blessed times here. The Holy Ghost has been working on the hearts of saints and sinners. Last Friday night we had one soul for pardon and one for the blessing of a clean heart. On Sunday God was with us from start to finish. In the holiness meeting He made His presence felt by leading three comrades out for the blessing of sanctification, which they claimed by faith. In the afternoon the Captain spoke on self-mastery (Prov. xvi. 25). The address was very interesting and inspiring. At night we felt God very near. A large crowd gathered to hear a very powerful sermon on "The last great prayer meeting" (Rev. vi. 12). We entered into the prayer meeting with great faith, and God did not disappoint us. Glory to His name. He gave us one soul for our hire (and one soul is worth 10,000 worlds). Hallelujah! We are going in for still greater victories.—P. C. C.

Newfoundland.

The P. O. Meets the Soldiers of St. John's—And Has a Good Week—End at Tilt Cove—Herring Neck Comrades Win Three Souls on a Stormy Day.

SOLDIERS' MEETING AT ST. JOHN'S.

Brigadier Glover, assisted by the Chancellor and officers of the city of St. John's, conducted another very profitable and blessed soldiers' meeting in the school-room on Wednesday, Oct. 18th. The soldiers and recruits came up with the spirit of faith and expectancy, and were not disappointed, for from the commencement of the meeting to the finish it was a service of inspiration and blessing. The Brigadier's talk on being united with Christ, following immediately after a good preliminary of soldiers' testimonies and solos, was helpful and strengthening. The Chancellor's remarks on the coming great Congress at St. John's, at which dear Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs will be present, filled us all with gladness and expectancy. Two comrades claimed the blessing. Hallelujah! A Soldier.

BRIGADIER GLOVER'S FIRST VISIT TO TILT COVE.

On Sept. 16th we had the privilege of looking at a man we never saw before—Brigadier Glover, all the way from the Land of the Southern Cross. He gave us a hearty welcome and a fiery talk from the Tilt Cove, and was on the bridge all day Sunday, when God's power was manifested. Sunday night was the crowning time. The Brigadier's text was, "Yet there is room." As he forced home the truths of God's holy Word to the great crowd that had congregated together, conviction was stamped on many. One soldier who had a fiery talk in the Lord's command came back again. Glory, hallelujah! The Brigadier left Monday for Jackson's Cove. We give him a hearty invitation to come again, and also bring his beloved wife and all the family.—C. C. H. Dicks.

THE PROVINCIAL OFFICER AND STAFF-CAPT. AND MRS. MORRIS AT BAY ROBERTS.

Brigadier Glover, assisted by the Chancellor and his wife, visited the famous corps of Bay Roberts for a week-end.

The comrades gave them a hearty reception on Saturday night. We were favored with some pleasing music and singing, and a fiery talk from the Brigadier, then some stirring testimonies from our comrades at Bay Roberts; thus a very good start to the week-end was made.

We can hardly describe in detail the meetings on Sunday. The knee-drill was of the right sort, and although some of the comrades were absent, yet twenty in number gathered to praise the Lord at the early hour. The holiness meeting was especially helpful, and as threatening clouds cleared away towards the afternoon the barracks was filled to overflowing with an appreciative crowd. Some of the comrades got the glory, and the meeting altogether was of an interesting character.

Naturally our expectations for the next night were great. The building was crowded to the doors, and as the comrades met at half-past six to belong to the Throne of Grace, the Spirit of the Lord was very manifest. The special music and singing was very much appreciated, and the address of the Brigadier was inspired. When the Chancellor drew in the net there was one volunteer for Christ, and a very blessed and happy prayer meeting followed. Many

hallelujahs and much rejoicing on the part of the officers and comrades closed a good day's fight, and the welcome meetings of the Provincial Staff at Bay Roberts.—Eye-Witness.

THE P. O. AT LITTLE BAY ISLAND, Nfld.

We have just been favored with a visit from our new Provincial Officer, Brigadier Glover, accompanied by officers from Tilt Cove, Harry's Harbor, Pilley's Island, and Little Waste Harbor.

The Brigadier's visit was all the more appreciated because we had been disappointed this summer when Major Creighton's looked-for coming was hindered. We had a good service. The Brigadier told us much of his previous experience, and cheered us up. We are in love with him already, and want him to bring Mrs. Glover along next time.

Corps Cadet St. Day also came to assist Lieut. Osmond until council days.

The Harvest Festival is our absorbing topic now. We are in for victory.—Two Salvation Girls, Oxford and Osmond.

Herring Neck.—God is giving us the victory. Sunday was a blessed day to our souls. Though the weather was very stormy, it did not hinder quite a number coming to our meetings. After a hard battle with the devil the power of God came down upon us, and the result was three precious souls sought and found Jesus. To God we give the glory. H. F. is the cry now. We are going to smash our target. Our motto is, "Never give in."—E. Keefe for Capt. Metcalf.

West Ontario Province.

Sarnia Women's Fight—Ridgetown's Fire Fanned—A Revival Wanted—After Effects of the Commissioner's Visit to Stratford—London Scores Some Splendid Financial Successes—Major and Mrs. Creighton Welcomed—Great Preparations for Coming Farewell and Reception.

Sarnia League of Mercy.—Since hearing from us last we have seen some good times amongst the old people and at the jail. God is working amongst these people. Five held up their hands for prayer and one got saved. We believe God is going to save the rest. Mother Mapleton and Sister Mundell, who are in charge of this work, deem nothing too hard to do for the welfare of these people's souls. There is a great work to do amongst them. Pray God shall fit us for the burden.—Mrs. Capt. Sharpe.

Ridgetown.—Since Capt. Hore took charge a few weeks ago everything is on the up-line. The fire that was a little low has been fanned into a flame, and sinners have been converted, and backsliders have been brought back. On Sunday we had two brothers from Kingsville, Bro. Wessels and Bro. Jones, who did us good service. The meetings were times of blessing. God's Spirit came in mighty force upon the hearts of the people, and sinners were made to feel their sins. The Captain spoke from his words, "Fools make a mock of sin." His lips seemed to be touched by the Spirit of God, for his words were powerful. The interest aroused we believe will go on till many are brought to God. We are believing that a mighty revival will take place in our town. We are praying God to send the Spirit.—J. J.

Stratford.—The Commissioner's visit has left a good impression on the people here. Although Capt. Hinsley took sick and went on furlough to his home, Lieut. McWilliams is in for victory while remaining here. This is our time to replenish the pantry, that the new officers may feel welcome at a halldance.

London, Ont.—We have been making some special advances. First, the H. F. was a grand success \$280 was our target. It was reached easily. We have also collected since a nice sum for the needs of our local work—coal and wood, repairing of barracks seats, furnishing quarters, and a substantial donation to the band. Altogether we raised about \$1,000. Major and Mrs. Creighton spent a Sunday at our corps. They got right into the hearts of both soldiers and friends. God bless them. The day was very much against getting crowds, but the meetings were grand, a precious spirit. The new Chancellor is all right for London, more than Chancellor for the Province, they have become soldiers of the Lord's corps. We have arranged for the coming week-end of the locals and handmen to-night. The work was never on better footing, as far as its local work is concerned. We farewell this next Sunday. We are arranging for a real old-fashioned welcome to our successors on Thursday, Oct. 2nd. Grand officers' meeting last night.—Yours engagingly H. C. Kendall.

The Week of the World.

Russia's Agitation.

The recent events in many of the centres of population have been alarming in the extreme. Strikes and riots are reported from Warsaw, Moscow, Odessa, Lodz, St. Petersburg, and other populous centres. Nearly all the railroads and telegraph lines are tied up, and communication is only possible by water. At one time it looked as if a revolutionary government were to be installed, but according to the latest reliable reports the tendency is toward a return to normal conditions, especially as the Czar and his ministers seem to be inclined to grant some form of constitutional government without delay. At any rate, the strikers are bound to return to their work soon, as they have no funds to support them. Nevertheless, they have demonstrated on a scale never known before how completely they can isolate a city and cut off communication and supplies.

The Czar has, however, issued a manifesto granting an immediate change of the form of government, and a constitution is outlined granting equal rights to all Russians independent of nationality or creed, representation by popular election, and a responsible ministry under the premiership of Count de Witte. The publication of the manifesto has caused a tremendous sensation and its immediate effects will doubtless be a subsiding of the agitations and strikes throughout the

Forks, Yukon, report one soul last week in spite of opposition, and another drawn closer to God, with others requesting prayer.

Adj. Cummins is anxious for a revival at Dawson. We are sorry it is not possible to visit them just now, as navigation to the Klondike has closed, and they are now shut in, except by way of the trail.

Capt. Moore, of Revelstoke, reports two backsliders returned last week, and adds she thinks they will make good soldiers. The Captain and Lieut. Chatterton are very hopeful for the future.

Cpts. Quant and Basingthwaite, of Roseland, are through with Harvest Festival, having reached their target. They can go in now for a real red-hot revival.

Capt. Travis, of Fernie, reports that one soul came to the mercy seat last week. He is very busy finishing up Harvest Festival, having been delayed another day through coming to council. The Captain is battling alone, and says he needs help. Keep believing.

Capt. Baynton has just suffered the loss of his dear mother, who has been promoted to Glory from Brandon. He was able to arrive home in time to see her before passing away, and to hear her bright testimony. Six was money for the Master's call. The Captain returned to Nelson, more determined than ever to be a real living example. Mrs. Baynton held on bravely during the Captain's absence, and has kept things going well, a number of souls having been saved.

At present Ensign and Mrs. Mercer are visiting the Division in the interests of Lazarus.

We are all well at Divisional Headquarters and are in for doing our very best to help bring about a real Holy Ghost revival all round the Division. More anon.—Jno. Rawling, Major.

Fernie, B.C.—"All aboard!" and I am off for Fernie. Bless the Lord. Six long months away from a corps, now to be once more with my comrades to fight shoulder to shoulder to see sinners coming to the cross. "Fernie next station!" cries the brakeman as he hurries through. Praise God! My dream is to be realized. Yes, there is the Captain. "God bless you, Bro." and a hearty handshake. I feel already at home. "Well, Captain, how is the war?" "Why, bless the Lord, we have got the devil licked. Hallelujah! Souls are being saved and we are steadily advancing." The holiness meeting is being commenced and I see the faces of comrades who have the witness written on their brow. They wear the expression of warriors. The first song is given out. The soldiers sing with much vigor and power, "I will follow Thee, my Saviour." How my heart seems to be drinking in the showers. Wonderful blessings. We are determined to conquer. Afternoon meeting, many are under conviction, and in the night meetings one precious soul kneels at the cross and claims the victory. Jesus has spoken peace to his overburdened heart. Praise God! "Victory" is the motto of Fernie corps. Thirty-eight juniors on the J. S. roll; forty-five in the Band of Love; twenty-eight in the Bible class, and a band of ten pieces. The H. target will be blown to pieces. These souls have kept the cross of love and claimed the promise. We are determined to make our corps one that God will smile upon and be the banner corps of the Pacific, so watch us advancing.—S. A. Silvers.

Empire. Let us pray for Russia in the hour of her crisis, that she may rise out of her afflictions nobler and purer.

Norway's Throne.

It is confidently expected that the plebiscite to be taken by the Government will be in favor of a Monarchical Government, in which case Prince Charles of Denmark will accept the crown of Norway.

Hungary Quietens.

The crisis in Hungary is practically passed. The Premier appointed by the King has formed a cabinet and is introducing a bill for universal suffrage and some of the reforms demanded by the nation, and thus a rupture between Hungary and Austria is avoided.

U. S. Railroad Accidents.

The Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington gave out these figures of railroad accidents for the fiscal year: The total number of passengers killed in train accidents was 350; passengers injured in train accidents was 6,498. The total number of employees killed in train accidents was 798; injured, 7,052. There were 187 passengers killed in other than train accidents, and 3,542 injured; and 2,463 employees killed in other than train accidents, and 38,374 injured; a grand total of all classes of 537 passengers killed and 10,040 injured, and 3,361 employees killed, and 45,426 injured.

Argentine Crops.

The Argentine Republic is one of the great wheat producers of the world. This year the crop is excellent and the prices high, on account of the failure of Russian exports. Since the beginning of the year 2,600,000 tons of the beginning of the year 2,600,000 tons of tons of linseed have been exported.

Canadian News.

A pack of wolves treed a shanty man all night north of Ottawa. Wolves are said to be very numerous this year, and it is dangerous to go out after dark.

Edward Finn saved the life of four-year-old Allan Hull, at London, by plunging into the river after the boy, who had fallen in.

A strong company, with a capital of \$250,000 propose to establish a factory for the manufacture of twine from flax at Chatham.

The Imperial troops will be withdrawn from Halifax and the fortress placed in full charge of the Canadian garrison by November 15th.

The King of Italy has laid the corner stone of the new harbor works at Genoa, which will cost \$15,000,000.

British motorists paid an aggregate of \$1,500,000 in fines for exceeding the speed limit in the year 1904. In certain districts the police traps are so ingeniously laid, and magistrates so sure to convict motorists, that the latter are now combining to give these places a wide berth.

Baron Kiyoura, Japanese Minister of Agriculture, confirms reports of the failure of the silk, tea, and rice crops. Famine conditions are reported in three prefectures.

What Others Say.

Mr Yoshito Komma, the Japanese Vice-Consul in Chicago, has translated the testimonies of Japan's leading men on the temperance question as follows: "Never drink wine," says Field-Marshal Oyama. Major-General Fukushima says: "If I had ever been a drinker, my journey by horseback through Siberia would have perhaps been a failure." The late Commander Hirose, a hero of the Japanese Navy, had "never drunk sake nor smoked tobacco," says Admiral Yamamoto, Minister of the Navy. The late Colonel Ishikawa said the "sake" and tobacco were the most formidable enemies of health. The late Capt. Nishimura never touched "sake."

THE PRAYING LEAGUE.

Salvationists and Friends who wish to join The Praying League are requested to send their names and addresses to

COMMISSIONER T. B. COOMBS,

S. A. Temple, Toronto.

Mark letters: "The Praying League."

nor tobacco. Commander Iwamuro says: "I myself gave up drinking wine long ago, and have been a temperance man ever since." General Kuroki is also an abstainer.

Penn was once advising a man to leave off his habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. "Can you tell me how to do it?" said the slave to the appetite. "Yes," answered Penn; "it is just as easy as to open thy hand, friend." "Convince me of that, and I will promise, upon my honor, to do as you to tell me." "Why, my friend," said the great Quaker, "when thou findest any vessel of intoxicating liquor in thy hand, open the hand that grasps it before it reaches thy mouth, and thou wilt never be drunk again." The toper was so pleased with the plain advice that he followed it.—Short Stories.

True to His Convictions.

Sergt. George Huson, of Port Essington, writes the following interesting letter to the Editor:—

You left me at Lorne Creek, Skeena River, I stayed there only ten days and a half, when I got "fired," for

I refused to work on Sunday. As they all work on Sunday, I suppose they expected me to work also, but I would not under any consideration. I would not for the whole mine. So the boss paid me off, and I took the first boat to Essington, where I stopped one night and then went right on the Str. Camosun. On board was a big crowd of Indians going to the hop fields to pick, and while on board I had the pleasure of conducting two meetings, which was permitted by the kind captain of the vessel. Two souls came back to God. Glory be to God. During my stay at Chilliwack five Sundays were spent in glorious meetings, sometimes twice in the evenings, with marked success. Many hundreds of Indians, from all points of British Columbia, were camped in half a dozen places. At exhibition time I stayed at New Westminster, and had the pleasure of seeing one soul come back to God in a successful meeting, led by Capt. and Mrs. Sainsbury, who have been very kind to us. We will stop here for a month or more, and we intend to help in getting sinners convinced of the mighty power of God to save. I intend to get home a short time before Christmas.

The above information is simply to let you know that the fire in our hearts is brightly burning. God is helping us wonderfully, and we pray that your Indian Mission work will be crowned with glorious victory.—George A. Huson.

"Let us not burden our remembrance with a heaviness that's gone."

"We never know for what God is preparing us in His school—for what work on earth, for what work in the hereafter. Our business is to do our work well in the present place, whatever that may be."



SWEDISH BATTLES.

INCIDENTS OF S. A. WORK IN COMMISSIONER REES' DOMAIN.

His First Swedish Converts Twenty-Two Years Ago—"Thanks," the First Swedish Word Learned—Swedes Not a Cold People, but as Enthusiastic as Salvationists Anywhere.

Although Commissioner David Rees, previous to his entering upon the duties of his command as Territorial leader for Sweden, had never before visited the Scandinavian country, he had over and over again been brought into close touch with the Swedish people. In this way he had already formed a decided opinion of their character; and one is bound to add that that opinion was entirely favorable to the Swedes.

Twenty-two years ago, when the Commissioner was Captain at Scarborough, a weather-bound Swedish vessel lay in the harbor three or four weeks, during which time the crew attended Army meetings. They could not understand English, but one of the soldiers was able to converse with them in German, and on the Sunday night before the ship sailed three of the sailors got converted.

Next day the Captain visited them on board, and obtained the skipper's permission to accompany his converts to Hartlepool, where the ship was to load with coal for Gothenburg.

He stayed with them until the vessel left for home, and although he has never seen or heard anything of the men since, his first impressions of the sincerity, seriousness, reverence, and hospitality of the Swedes have remained with him throughout all the intervening years.

While the Commissioner was Principal of the International Training Homes, too, he had pretty frequent opportunity of coming into contact with visiting officers from Sweden; so that he could not by any means have been classed with the average Britisher whose knowledge of men and things Scandinavian is often all too limited and antiquated at best.

The Commissioner has, indeed, profited by the many opportunities which the Army, as a movement, offers a wide awake Salvationist of studying, directly and indirectly, the various countries and people of the world.

He went to Sweden with a good opinion of the people. After nine or ten months' close association with the Swedes on their own ground, he holds the same opinion still, only far more strongly.

Nor were our Swedish officers altogether in the dark as to what manner of man their new leader might be, for numbers of them had met him on various International occasions in London, when they were usually quartered at the Congress Hall. They also, on their side, had found their hearts going out towards him, and themselves looking forward to the day when he might perhaps be their leader.

And one may say the same thing of the opinion they formed as a result of that slight acquaintance: they hold it still, only more strongly.

Will Commissioner Rees learn to speak the language? Perhaps never fluently, for a Territorial leader naturally has a multitude of other pressing duties to fully occupy his heart and hands.

He quickly acquired one short word, however, which, being the Swedish equivalent for "Thanks" ("tack") he never forgets to use frequently. Very characteristic of the man!

But with the language of sincerity and ready sympathy, which speaks irrespective of words, he has won the affection of our Swedish officers, soldiers, and friends.

He has been warmly received in all parts of the Territory—having even visited the Far North; and his meetings held at about one hundred corps already, his nearly fifty officers' councils, and his coming into touch with nearly every officer, as well as many locals and soldiers in the Territory, confirms him in the opinion that for earnestness, faithfulness, and perseverance, the Swedish Sal-

vationist could hardly be excelled.

We may say, in fact, that in one respect the Commissioner has been surprised in the people. He had expected that after the lively spontaneity of London Salvationists he might find Sweden somewhat reserved. Here his estimate was wide of the mark, and the enthusiasm of his people has time and again been an inspiration to him.

Especially has the Commissioner been impressed by the keenness of the local officers in their desire to know what is expected of them, as well as their eagerness to act, and by the way the bandsmen and soldiers stay to fight out the prayer meetings, with no thought of retiring before the final battle is over. Even when the officer has left the hall, as late as 11 or 11.30 p.m., there persevering locals and soldiers will often go on with song, prayer, and personal pleading as long as any audience remains.

Speaking of those welcome campaigns, a pathetic incident occurred in connection with the Commissioner's visit to Kopparberg. One of the soldiers, living in an outlying village, had spoken to the Captain of his pleasure at being able to arrange to attend the welcome meetings. He was also bringing in his wife and children.

Alas! on the day before the campaign opened the poor fellow had the misfortune to get both his legs taken off by the crane with which he was working. So that instead of his coming in to welcome the Commissioner the Commissioner went to visit him as he lay dangerously ill in the hospital.

As to the general public, Sweden has probably never manifested greater interest in the Army than during the last ten or twelve months. The press, which seems never thoroughly to have understood our aims and methods, has in some quarters lent itself to ungenerous criticism upon the Army's internationalism. Whatever else this controversy may or may not have accomplished, it certainly has helped to call attention to our work, and the nation is now watching our efforts as never before. It has also brought us unknown friends, and strengthened the sympathy of old friends.

At Christianstad, a fine old city in the south, there have been some striking evidences of the people's approval of especially the Slum Work. There the press again and again called attention to the beneficent efforts of the Slum Officers, and at last suggested a sale of work in aid of the local operations. The suggestion was taken up; the press boomed it vigorously, and as a result an amount of 500 kroner was handed over to the slum funds.

The press also suggested that the city authorities should pay the rent of the Slum Settlement. That also is now being done. The officers have for a long time been supplied with water free of cost.

There is indeed wide-spread sympathy with the Slum and Rescue Work. It seems strongly to appeal to the Swedish people.

Only recently an old gentleman called upon Brigadier Elizabeth Liljegen, the energetic Secretary at Headquarters, and said he well knew of the grand work the Slum Officers were doing.

He wanted to help them, and as he was praying that morning God told him to give them £100. He, therefore, handed over the amount, which, in a country where millionaires after the order of those in Great Britain and America are an unknown quantity, is in itself a powerful testimony.

There are still places, however, where the Army has not yet succeeded in shaking off deep-rooted prejudice. At a town in the Province of Dalecarlia, for instance, there is

a public hall which is gladly placed at the disposal of the various religious societies, and has even been occasionally opened to the Army. It is now closed to us, the reason being given, "Yes, it doesn't matter whether we open our hall for the other societies or not, for they can do no harm, as they are dead delusions, but the Salvation Army is a living delusion."

Even they credit us with life and activity.

And yet the state churches in several Dalecarlian towns and villages are open to us. Our corps at Linghed has had a musical festival in Svardsjö Church, and the Staff Band led similar festivals in Linna and Jarna Churches. These festivals, of course, include prayer, Bible reading, and testimony, just as though we were in our own halls.

Open-air meetings are also allowed almost everywhere in this central Province.

It may be noted in passing that Dalecarlia is pre-eminent among the Swedish Provinces. She is loved for her present as well as for her past. For the Dalecarlian represents to his countrymen the patriot, the cheerful agriculturist, the free man, free in thought and action; the practical, sensible citizen who still cherishes the good old idea of the king as a wise, loving father to his people. He still wears his picturesque national garb and clings to many of the time honored customs of his ancestors. But the ubiquitous railway and the "beneficent influences of civilization" are threatening the simple life of the worthy Dalecarlian.

There is an out-and-outness about this primitive folk which helps them to see at once that the Army's methods are specially suited to their character. They can be frankness itself at times.

"Thanks thou shalt have," said one of these men, publicly addressing the parson in the course of the church service—"Thanks thou shalt have for a good sermon, and it is true enough that thou always preachest as a whole man; but it is a pity that thou sometimes takest a drop too much."

Every summer about fifty children are taken from the city's stifling slums to Radmanso, an island in the Baltic, quite close to Bjorko, where a few weeks ago the Czar unexpectedly came to meet the Kaiser. Here the happy children romp and play, breathing the purest atmosphere amid the most pleasant surroundings from early June to late September. And what is of equal importance, they are well fed and cared for.

As many as fifty-six little bairns, between the ages of two and six years, were at the colony last summer. To see them drive off in cabs from the Rescue Home to the quay, where they said good-bye to "mother," was unforgettable, a scene now of boisterous merriment, now of moving pathos.

And so from Ystad in the south to Kiruna far up in Arctic regions, from the far-flung Baltic coast-line on the east to the Norwegian frontier, our Swedish comrades, in Slum, Shelters, Rescue Home, or on the Field, through evil report, and through good report, as having nothing, yet possessing all things, are eagerly pushing forward the soul-saving, humanity-lifting work of the one world-wide Salvation Army.—H. W. W.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Ensign Campbell.—Glance Bay, Nov. 11; New Aberdeen, Nov. 12, 13; Dominion, Nov. 14; Reserve, Nov. 15; Whitney Pier, Nov. 16; Inverness, Nov. 18; Port Hood, Nov. 19, 20; New Glasgow, Nov. 21; Stellarton, Nov. 22; Westville, Nov. 23; Charlottetown, Nov. 25, 26.

Ensign Mercer.—Wetaakewin, November 11, 12; Ardrilo, November 13; Calgary, November 14; Medicine Hat, Nov. 15; Maple Creek, Nov. 16; Moose Jaw, Nov. 17; Regina, Nov. 18, 19; Lumsden, Nov. 20; Saskatoon, Nov. 21, 22; Prince Albert, Nov. 24-26; Rostern, Nov. 27; Regina, Nov. 29.

Ensign Edwards.—Port Hope, November 11, 12; Cobourg, November 13, 14; Trenton, Nov. 15, 16; Picton, Nov. 17-19; Belleville, Nov. 20, 21; Campbellford, Nov. 22, 23; Deseronto, Nov. 24-26; Napanee, Nov. 27, 28; Kingston, Nov. 29, 30; Gananoque, Dec. 1-3; Brockville, Dec. 4, 5; Algonquin, Dec. 5; Ensign Poole.—Sarnia, Nov. 10, 11, 12; Thedford, Nov. 13.

Ensign Bloss.—Soo, Ont., Nov. 11; Soo, Mich., Nov. 14-18.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES

FREEDOM OF THE ETERNAL CITY.

"They have given General Booth the freedom of the city of London, but some of these days they will have the freedom of a city that will stand when London is crumbled into history."—Raymond Record, Oakville.

THE MAN WHO THINKS AND DOES.

That the man who thinks and does appeals more strongly to humanity than the man who thinks and says, is plainly evident in the almost universal interest taken in the life and doings of William Booth, Founder and Commander-in-Chief of the Salvation Army. That large band of devoted men and women who have laid aside the personal advantages and opportunities for advancement which have come in their way, and have given themselves unreservedly to the rescue of the perishing and the lifting up of the fallen, have succeeded in obtaining an audience over certain classes of people that the churches, to a very great extent, have never been able to touch. The churches endeavor to bring the people to Christianity; William Booth and his followers take (not send) Christianity to the people.—The Farmer's Advocate.

YOUNG AT EIGHTY.

If vegetarianism is adopted as the national diet, we may yet be able to change the cry of "too old at forty" to "still young at eighty." At any rate during the annual meeting of the Vegetarian Society, congenialists, as lively as crickets, told how life grew more beautiful every year because they ate nothing to make it a burden. Here is the rule of life of the oldest of the eight, which is certainly worth studying:

"I seldom touch anything between meals. In practice I have never spent a shilling for intoxicating liquors. I have never touched tobacco or a pipe, excepting to blow bubbles when a child. I have not taken a meal of meat since 1840. I have never made a bet or played a game for money, neither have I uttered an oath.

"I became a member of the Peace Society in my eighteenth year, and have not fired off a gun since that period excepting to kill rats. This has involved that little sacrifice on my part. My life has been full of interest and a very happy one. I have never had a headache, very rarely any other ache, enjoyed almost every meal, and never been in bed one whole day from necessity.

"I have but rarely ever taken a cold, and now in my ninety-second year my general health is good."—London War Cry.

FROM THE SCRAPBOOK OF EXPERIENCE.

To a question as to what it was in his youth to which he owed most in the making of his character, the Hon. George E. Foster, of the Dominion of Finland, the Dominion of Canada, replied:

"It is difficult to differentiate for these years alone. The simplest answer would be 'pure and high ideals.' My ideals have never been realized, but they lifted and helped me. In tracing the sources of these ideals the silken threads grow fine and widely extended. They lead back to the memory of a sainted mother, whose face I saw last when I was three years old, but whose presence has never left me; to the spirit of old pioneers of the denomination to which my fathers belonged, whose prayers and saintly zeal impressed me deeply; to some of the teachers of early years whose inspiration entered into me and filled me with desire to excel; to the books I read early in life of the great men of great and great accomplishments; to the Bible characters whose stories I read over and over in tender and impressionable years; to the temperance orders, which I joined at an early age and whose principles of self-denial and brotherly help I assimilated; to the encouraging words dropped by men in passing—so little a thing for them, but treasured as of immense worth to me; to the Sabbath School and its teaching services of the church, which I constantly attended."—Wellspring.

A DESTROYER OF THE HOME LIFE.

A considerable correspondence has been proceeding for some time in the Daily Chronicle as to whether home life is decaying in England. Recently a "Compositor" wrote thus:

"To my mind the drink traffic does more to blight homes, weaken home-ties, and break up families, than any other cause I have yet mentioned. The Salvation Army, in reclaiming drunkards, restoring husbands to their wives, bringing prodigal sons and daughters to their parents, are solving the problem, and restoring homes to the high estate that God intended they should be. Thousands through their ministry have become better husbands and better wives, and consequently better homes have been the result, and in their humane efforts I wish them every success."—The Railway Signal.

WHO KILLED THE COW?

The song that lives and blesses is the one that has words of true poetry combined with music of true melody and harmony. The melody may be ever so sweet, but if the words are not valuable, helpful, the song dies. Equally the converse is true. The

words may be ever so beautiful, but if the music does not fit them sympathetically, the piece cannot live; but when there is a wedding of the two essentials, you have a union that is going to bless people, and herein is music unique.

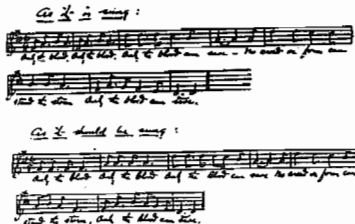
But now consider what is often done in the Army. A fine song comes along, full of inspiration and blessing, and the corps or officer learns it incorrectly, or changes the words a bit, or more often lops off some of the distinctive or useful notes of the melody. This process repeated from corps to corps soon quite robs the song of its original form and value, and its usefulness is soon gone. It came and it went, but it should have stayed, for it had merit. What was the matter? Someone was guilty of aiding and abetting a divorce of words and music that were joined in true wedlock. Some one convolved at it was accessory to the murder of a song. Was it you? Was it you? I know one officer who sings hardly one of even our familiar songs correctly. Perhaps you may think it doesn't matter much, but would you Longfellow thank you for mutilating his beautiful "Psalm of Life," or Handel for maiming his child of much travail, "The Messiah"? And should there be not atonement or compensation for the offended laws of music as for the offended laws of the land?

Well, look at it this way, then—

Imagine the Illustration, Which is Too Much for Our Artist.

This is a cow, or was one. An odd beauty-fancier cut off one horn and a leg and the tail, and thinking it did not matter much, cut off the other horn and the rest of the legs. Witness the result. What good is the cow? If a man did that to your cow what would you say?

Here is a little modern chorus that has suffered this process. It is one of many examples that might be given.



You have only to try the two versions to note the difference.

Comrades, officers, our Salvation music is a treasure-house of power and inspiration; let us preserve it intact. Its adaptability to the every-day needs of human life and the salvation of a lost world are grandly evident from the results we daily behold. A great deal of its beauty and power lies in its simplicity and in the tunefulness of its melodies. Let us not disfigure or destroy these for want of a little forethought or care in passing them along.—H.

SONG HINTS.

By H.

"For the cross I am ready till I take my crown," to the tune, "Trim you lamps."

"Almost persuaded," to tune, "Saviour, Thy dying love."

"My Jesus, I love Thee," to tune "Mothers of Salem."

"My soul is now united," to tune "This is why I love Him."

"Courage to love Him, courage to serve Him, Courage to come to His footstool and bow; Show me the heart that gladly will answer: 'I will take courage and come to Him now,'" to the tune of "I will guide thee."

"Jesus, my all I am bringing, How could I offer Thee less? Widely my heart's door I'm swinging, Come and my temple possess."

to the tune of "Take back the heart."

This is by Colonel Lawley, and was sung most effectively at the International Congress by Colonel Mahan.

New Ontario Division.

Sturgeon Falls Has Captured Five Souls for Jesus.

Sturgeon Falls.—Though it is some time since you have heard from the part of the battlefield, we are still alive and marching on to victory at Sturgeon Falls. Our H. F. was a gigantic success, for which we give God the glory. Since last report five precious souls have sought pardon, and are proving God's grace sufficient. Though people say we live in the Land of Nod, yet the dear old flag is still flying and we are believing in greater victories in the future.—J. C., from amongst the tall timbers.



PROMOTED TO GLORY FROM MONTREAL.

On Oct. 18th, after a brief illness of eight days, Sister Mrs. Benson, who has been an adherent and friend of the S. A. in Montreal for the past twenty years, was called home.

A severe attack of pneumonia had already weakened her physical strength, and although during the first stages of the disease hopes were entertained for her recovery, her loved ones soon realized that she was passing from their tender care to dwell in that fair land where Christ Himself doth rule, and when the final message came our sister sweetly yielded, content to submit to the will of her Lord and Saviour.

Her last words were, "I am perfectly reconciled to the will of God."

She will be sorely missed by her husband and family, consisting of seven in number—a son and six daughters—her eldest being the wife of our esteemed Treasurer, Eric Cummings.

Our departed sister was given an Army funeral on Oct. 20th, at which the corps mustered in large numbers, Ensign Gilliam conducting the service.—Sergt. A. W. Walshe, War Correspondent.

Our History Class.

V.—THE ENGLISH.

Chapter XLII.—(Continued.)

The Empress Maria Theresa, of Germany, had a long war with Frederick, King of Prussia, who was nephew of George II., and a very clever and brave man, who made his little Kingdom of Prussia very warlike and brave, so that he was not a very good man, and these were sad times among the good people, for few of them thought much about being good; and there were clever Frenchmen who laughed at all religion. You know one of the Psalms says, "The fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God.' There were a great many such fools at that time, and their ways, together with the selfishness of the nobles, soon brought terrible times to France and all the countries round.

The wars under George II. were by sea as well as by land; and, likewise, in the distant countries where, Engismen, on the one hand, and Frenchmen on the other, had made those new homes that we call colonies. In North America, both England and French had large settlements; and when the kings at home were at war, there were likewise battles in these distant parts, and the wild Red Indians were stirred up to take part with the one side or the other. They used to attack the houses of the settlers, burn them, torment and kill the men, and keep the children to bring up among their own. The English had, in general, the advantage, especially in Canada, where the brave young General Wolfe led an attack in the very early morning, to the Heights of Abraham, close to the town of Quebec. He was struck down but shot early in the fight, and lay on the ground with a few officers round him.

"They run, they run!" he heard them cry. "Who run?" he asked.

"The French run."

"Then I die happy," he said; and it was by this battle that England won Lower Canada, with many French inhabitants, whose descendants still speak their own language.

In the East Indies, too, there was much fighting. The English and French both had merchants there; and these had native soldiers to guard them, and made friends with the native princes. When these princes quarrelled they helped them, and so obtained a larger footing. But in this reign the English power was nearly ended in a very sad way. A native Indian came suddenly down on Calcutta. Many English got on board the ships, but these ships could not—one hundred and forty-six in number—were shut up all night in a small room, in the hottest time of the year, and they were so crushed together and suffocated by the heat that, when the morning came, there were only twenty-three of them alive.

This dreadful place was known as the Black Hole of Calcutta. The next year Calcutta was won back again; and the English, under Colonel Clive, gained so much ground that the French had no power left in India, and the English could go on obtaining more and more land, riches, and power.

George II. had lost his eldest son, Frederick, Prince of Wales, and his lively and clever wife, Queen Caroline, many years before his death. His only ministers were, first, Sir Robert Walpole, and afterwards the Earl of Stanborough—able men, who knew how to manage the country through all these wars. The king died at last, quite suddenly, when sixty-eight years old, in the year 1760.

SERVANTS' REGISTRY

Girls coming to the city for service should write first to Brigadier Stewart, or come direct to his office at the Temple, cor. James and Albert Streets, to register. We are in a position to find the best situations, as well as to take a kindly interest in girls whose home is outside the city, ready to assist them in all possible ways.



prinkle salt over the coal in your bin in liberal quantities; it will make it burn more evenly and prevent "clinkers."

Discolored enameled saucepans can often be made good like new by boiling a little chloride of lime in the water with which they are filled.

Much illness is caused by impure water. Charcoal is one of the best purifying agents that can be used. Simply suspend in the cistern a muslin bag containing one of more pounds of charcoal, according to size of cistern.

Salts of iron will prevent water from becoming hard. Sheet iron or iron trimmings are the best. An offensive smell of water in vessels and pipes could be avoided by putting a few small nails in the bottom of the vases.

There has been anything burnt in the oven, blow salt in, and the smell will disappear. If salt rubbed on silver, china, or earthenware it will take off the stains of tea, etc. Salt will kill weeds if sprinkled on gravel walks.

When you are baking anything, the oven gets hot, put in a basin of cold water, instead of leaving the door open. This cools the oven, and the steam rising from the water prevents the contents from burning. When cooking in a gas oven, a basin of water should always be kept in the oven.

A pinch of salt added to mustard, when mixing, will keep it of a better color. Wet the mustard at first with a little vinegar. Then mix it with warm water. It can thus be made thinner than when cold water is used and is more convenient to pour into the mustard pot, while it stiffens sufficiently as it cools. Watery mustard is an abomination.

If your kitchen range or stove has got spotted with grease while cooking, and you cannot get it to polish, a good way to remove the grease is as follows: Take a little hand-brush, preferably the one used for brushing the pans before putting them away, smear it over with soap from the lye and rub all over the greasy parts. Afterwards blacklead and you will find the grease has disappeared and a brilliant polish will be the result.

The care and economy of brushes is well worth studying in an average household, as they quickly mount up to a heavy item in the year's expenditure. For instance, the scrubbing-brush that is left to rot in a bucket, quickly ruined. Sweeping-brooms should never touch the floor except when in actual use; they should at once be stood on the point of the handle, held upward, against a wall or piece of furniture till the kitchens are finished, then put away in the broom-rack. Dusting-brooms which are suspended by a string from the handle should always be hung up after use, and washed in soap suds daily if they are dirty.

Bamboo Furniture.—When cleaning bamboo furniture use a brush and warm water and salt to prevent it from turning yellow. When dusting carved furniture always use a painter's brush to get into the crevices.

To Remove Ink-Stains from Furniture.—Pour some lemon juice on the ink spots and rub well with the finger. Then wipe it off with a clean cloth. If the stain has not been completely removed, apply more lemon juice and continue to do this until the stains are removed.

SOUPS WITHOUT MEAT.

Tomato Soup.—In a saucepan put a quart of milk, and, when boiling, thicken with a teaspoonful of flour and one of butter rubbed together. In another pan put one quart of tomatoes, half a cup of water, one sliced onion, one teaspoon sugar, half a teaspoon salt, and oil for twenty minutes. Add to tomatoes, half a teaspoon of baking soda; then put in through a strainer. Turn the strained juice into the hot milk, boil a moment or two, and then serve.

Cream of Bean Soup.—(If Lima beans are used for this, they should be put to soak over night.) Put a quart of dried beans on to boil in a quart of cold water—add a quarter teaspoon soda—when they have boiled up pour off the water, and add boiling water and a little salt. When well cooked, press through colander. Then, to the juice add butter, pepper, and enough milk to give the consistency desired.

Cream of Celery Soup.—Take the green tops and outside pieces of celery heads and chop fine, till you have a quart when chopped. Add one quart of water, simmer gently for half an hour, then press through colander. Boil a quart of milk, which has been thickened with two tablespoons butter. Add the pressed-out celery mixture; let boil up, and serve.

Brandon Soldiers to the Front.

owing to our officers being away at county points meeting for thanksgiving, Harvest Festival meetings have been led by various comrades, and we praise God for several precious souls. God is with us, and we are trusting Him for victory. Oh, every soldier of dried bones on to the shore line, go in every sanctification, and a baptism of the Holy Ghost, so live the life of holiness and whole-hearted devotion. Then would the world see, acknowledge, and bow down to our Jesus.—John H. Wilson, War Reporter.

REGULATION WATERPOOFS.

This is the season of damp, chilly weather.
Nothing will stand this better than our new

PARAMATTA WATERPROOF.

These are made of the best materials, GUARANTEED NAVY BLUE DYE, RED LINED, well made. The women's coat is made in nice style, and without collar, so that it can be worn in cold weather with a fur collar. The men's coat gives a neat military appearance, and is the best thing of the kind we have ever had, and cannot be excelled anywhere. We have them in two qualities, both of them good and serviceable, but the better quality is a little finer twill and softer finish, almost silk-like. Prices for Men's and Women's are the same—

BEST QUALITY, . . \$10.00 SECOND QUALITY, . . \$7.50

Sample of Goods sent on application.

The Trade Secretary, S. K. Temple, Toronto, Ont.



DISEASES OF THE EAR.

Injuries to the Drum of the Ear.

The drum of the ear lies so deep in the skull, and is, consequently, so well protected by the bones of the head, that it is rarely affected directly by injuries received to the head. In many cases the external ear and the auditory meatus are damaged by a blow without affecting the parts essential to the perception of sound, and, therefore, without affecting the hearing.

And yet there are various accidents and injuries whereby the middle ear—"the drum of the ear"—is damaged. In some cases a sharp instrument happens to enter the bony channel leading into the middle ear; it may penetrate the membrane of the drum and destroy some of the structures which lie behind this delicate curtain.

It sometimes happens that pins or needles are introduced into the ear by children, and work their way into the drum of the ear. Instances are known also in which "a box on the ear" has ruptured the membrane of the drum—an effect due, of course, to the violent compression of the air in the external ear. It is reported that a similarly and accident has several times occurred in consequence of a rapturous kiss on the ear. The possibility of such disastrous results should be borne in mind by parents, school-teachers, and lovers.

Catarrh of the Middle Ear.

This is one of the commonest affections of the ear, especially in the United States, where catarrh of the throat and nose are so prevalent. It will be remembered that there is a direct communication between the throat and the middle ear through the eustachian tube. It, therefore, can be readily understood that if the throat, and nose have been long subject to catarrh this affection may spread along the eustachian tube, and finally reach the middle ear. Such is, in fact, the case. A person who suffers much from catarrh of the throat need not be surprised at noticing, sooner or later, some impairment of the hearing.

Symptoms.—The two most prominent symptoms of this affection are deafness and ringing in the ears. Sometimes a dull pain is felt occasionally, but this is by no means a constant symptom.

Ringing in the ears and deafness are also symptoms accompanying the accumulation of wax in the external ear; hence their presence may indicate merely this harmless affection, and not the more serious one consisting of a catarrh in the middle ear. Treatment.—This is one of the affections in which the skill of the surgeon is absolutely indispensable in effecting improvement. No benefit can be expected from remedies which can be applied by an unskilled hand.

STAFF-CAPT. McLEAN IN THE EAST.

Just a line to say that we are having some wonderful times in the East with the moving pictures. After a long trip from Toronto to Moncton, we started with a grand crowd, and the people were delighted with the pictures.

At Londonderry we also had a nice time.

Our first week-end was put in at Springhill, and I am glad to say it delighted us. Saturday night the barracks was crowded. The people were so charmed that we had to repeat the service, with a few new pictures, on Monday night, and we had a lovely time Sunday. Crowds were good, and a number of souls crowned the day. Adj. Bowring is doing well at Springhill.

Then during the week we visited Amherst, Summerside, Charlottetown, and Westville, and had grand times with good crowds. The people of Charlottetown were so anxious to have a good time that we had to put on a special afternoon service for the children.

The next Sunday was spent at Glace Bay, an old battleground of mine, and I was delighted to see the old comrades again. We had a fine time on Sunday, with nice crowds and six souls for salvation. Monday was set apart for the moving pictures, and the place was so crowded at 7.30 that we could not have a march, and at 8 p.m. there was no standing-room. The people enjoyed the pictures so much that no person was seen to leave the hall until almost 11 p.m. We had a lovely time. The income for Monday night was \$91, making \$115 for the Sunday and Monday. Adj. Crichton did his best to make the same so great a success.

Tuesday night we had a nice time at New Aberdeen. Capt. M. Jones had a big crowd in the Methodist Church. Dominion was also good. At North Sydney the Royal Albert was taken, and we had a nice time.

I might say that things are looking well for the future.—J. S. McLean, Staff-Capt.



To Parents, Relatives and Friends:

We wish search for missing persons in any part of the globe, before, and, as far as possible, send wrapped women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address: C. M. McLean, Toronto, Ont. Search for missing persons, and mark "Enquiry" on the card only child, a little boy, age 5 years. When last seen had very light long hair. The boy's name is Clarence.

Second Insertion.

5122. BRYAN, MRS. C., or Mrs. S. Harding. Age 26 years, light brown hair, blue eyes. Has with her one only child, a little boy, age 5 years. When last seen had very light long hair. The boy's name is Clarence.

5126. HOOK, ALBERT GEORGE. Age 17 years, height 5 ft. 4 in., dark hair, eyes and complexion. Missing since April, 1905.

5130. McCOMBIE, JOHN. Age 36 years, height 5 ft. 7 in., dark brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, bright color. Last known address, 148 St. Augustine St., Quebec.

5131. CORDY, MABEL FLORENCE. Age 21 years, height 5 ft. 7 in., light brown hair, full blue eyes, dark complexion, affected with an unusual barking cough. Probably gone to Winnipeg.

5101. CROSER, ARTEUR. Age 26 years, height 5 ft., laborer, light hair, blue eyes. Missing about three years. Last known address, 61 Simcoe St., Toronto. Last employed C.P.R. freight sheds.

5114. Information wanted of JOHN WALTON or MR. WHITTAKER, who many years ago lived in Montreal or Valleyfield. The son of John Pickup desires to hear from them.

SONGS OF THE WEEK.

A HOLINESS SONG.

Tune.—N.B.B. 254.

- 1 My mind upon Thee, Lord, is stayed,
Mine all upon Thee, altar laid—
Oh, heed my prayer!
And since in singleness of aim,
I part with all, Thy power to gain,
O God, draw near.

Chorus.

Saviour, dear Saviour, draw nearer,
Humble in spirit I kneel at Thy cross,
Speak out Thy wishes still clearer,
And I will obey at all cost.

By every promise Thou hast made,
And by the price Thy love has paid
For my release,
I claim the power to make me whole,
And keep through every hour my soul
In perfect peace.

And now by faith the deed is done;
And Thou again to live hast come
Within my heart,
And rising now with Thee, my Lord,
To lose the world I can afford,
For mine Thou art.

FREE AND EASY SONG.

- 2 O good old way, how sweet thou art,
All the way 'long it is Jesus!
May none of us from thee depart,
All the way 'long it is Jesus!

Chorus.

Jesus, Jesus! Why, all the way 'long it is Jesus!

But may our actions always say,
All the way 'long it is Jesus!
We're marching in the good old way,
All the way 'long it is Jesus!

This note above the rest shall swell,
All the way 'long it is Jesus!
That Jesus doeth all things well,
All the way 'long it is Jesus!

REPENTANCE.

Tune.—N.B.B. 197.

- 3 With a sorrow for sin must repentance begin,
Then conversion, of course, will draw nigh;
But till washed in the blood of the crucified Lord
You will never be ready to die.

And that you may succeed, come along with all speed
To a Saviour who will not deny;
Tell Him plainly, in brief, that for sin you feel grief,
And you long to be ready to die.

We've His word and His oath, and His blood seals
them both,
And we're sure the Almighty can't lie;
If you do not delay, but repent while you may,
He will soon make you ready to die.

When the fight we have done, and the victory won,
We to mansions of glory shall fly,
There eternally praise the blest Ancient of Days,
For His love made us ready to die.

OH, TURN YE!

Tune.—N.B.B. 199.

- 4 Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die
When God in great mercy is drawing so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come!"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

How vain the delusion that while you delay
Your heart may grow starving by staying away!
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,
And, trusting in Jesus, we never shall part;
Oh, how shall we leave you? Why will you not
come?

We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

LIFE'S MORN.

Tune.—N.B.B. 172.

- 5 I have given up all for Jesus,
This vain world is naught to me,
All its pleasures are forgotten
In remembering Calvary.
Though my friends despise, forsake me,
And on me the world looks cold,
I've a Friend who will stand by me
When the pearly gates unfold.

Life's morn will soon be waning,
And its evening bells will toll;
But my heart shall know no sadness
When the pearly gates unfold.

When the voice of Jesus calls me,
And the angels whisper low,
I will lean upon my Saviour,
Through the valley as I go;
I will claim His precious promise,
Worth to me a world of gold,
"Fear no evil, I'll be with thee
When the pearly gates unfold."

Just beyond the waves of Jordan,
Just beyond His shining tide,
Blooms the tree of life immortal,
And the living waters glide,
In that happy land of spirits,
Flowers bloom on hills of gold,
And the angels are awaiting
Where the pearly gates unfold.

UNDER THE LIGHT.

Tune.—N.B.B. 291.

- 6 Sins of years are all numbered,
Blackest stains brought to light,
Broken pledges uncovered,
None escape from His sight.
Unwashed hearts are rejected,
Guilty souls rise alone,
When you stand in the light
Of His great Judgment Throne.

Chorus

While the light from heaven is falling,
Sins confessing, waits revealing,
While redeeming grace is flowing,
Thou canst wash my sins away.

All the past with its chances,
All the "what might have been,"
Every conquest and victory
He had meant you should win.
How you'll wish you'd gone forward,
Loving Jesus alone,
When you stand in the light
Of His great Judgment Throne.

Poor lost sinners of all kinds,
Trembling followers as well,
With their robes surely blood-washed,
They shall come forth to tell
Of the battles fought bravely,
Of the victories won,
As they stand in the light
Of His great Judgment Throne.

EXPERIENCE.

Tune.—N.B.B. 107.

- 7 Oh, what battles I've been in,
And what conflicts I have seen;
But, in darkness, as in brightness, He is mine.
Oh, what mocking and what shame
I can suffer for His name,
For in Glory, as the stars He'll make me shine.

Chorus.

Washed in the blood white as snow,
Nothing am I seeking here below,
There's no more strife for my soul I know,
And nought can my peace overthrow.

What a sinner I have been,
What a Saviour I have seen;
For He's saved me from my sorrow and my woe;
And when lost to all around,
My Redeemer I have found,
And His pardoning love and mercy now I know.

Oh, what mighty, wondrous love
Brought the Saviour from above;
On the cross to shed His blood and die for me!
Oh, I'll serve Him with my might,
In His service I'll delight,
For from sin's dark bondage now He sets me free.

A GOOD SOLO.

Tune.—In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree.

- 8 I never shall forget the blessed story,
When in my youth I read it o'er and o'er,
How Jesus laid aside His home and glory,
And as I read I love it more and more.
I feel with joy my heart is running over,
And ne'er can tell of all He is to me;
I know it was because He loved me dearly
He bled and died upon dark Calvary.

Chorus.

Jesus died upon dark Calvary,
And gave up His life there for me,
There He said, "It is done,
If you only will come
I have peace and salvation for thee."

I came, and in Jesus found rest,
Fully trusting in Him I am blest,
Then come, sinner, come,
He will welcome you home,
For He died upon Calvary for thee.

I think of how the angels sang that night,
When in a humble stable He was born,
The radiant star the eastern sky adorned,
Filled all the earth with joy as does the morn;
But when I think of how my Saviour died,
My heart with deepest sympathy is filled,
How can I help but follow in His footsteps,
And do my best to preach His blessed word,
Hector Jno. Wright.

COMING EVENTS.

Mrs. (Hon.) Mortimer C.

will open the

Sale of Work

in the interest of the Women's Work

Wednesday, November 15th,

in the

Temple, Albert St., Tor.

THE COMMISSIONER AND MRS. COOMBS
and Territorial Staff will be present

The T.H.Q. Orchestra will furnish the

Commissioner
and Mrs. Coombs

accompanied by

COLONEL KYLE, Chief Secretary, LIEUT.-COL.
PUGHMIRE, BRIGADIERS SWEETON and

will conduct

GREAT MEETINGS

in the

NEW CITADEL, MONTREAL,

on

Sunday, Nov. 12th, at 7.30

ALSO

Monday, November 13th, at 7.30

COLONEL KYL

Assisted by Brigadier Howell, will

the

Opening of New Citadel
MONTREAL, I.,

on

Saturday, November 11th, at 7.30

Also Special Services on Saturday,
and Sunday, 11 a.m. and 3 p.m.

LIEUT.-COL. AND MRS. PUGHMIRE

Assisted by the Prison Gate Staff, will conduct
Meetings in the Temple, Albert St., Tor.
on the following: Sunday, Nov. 13th, Great
Souls; Monday, Nov. 20th, the Great
liver an address on the Prison Work
Salvation Army in the Dominion, at 7.30

Staff-Capt. McLean's Bioscope

St. John I. Nov. 11-13; Chatham, Nov. 14-16;
castle, Nov. 16, Campbells, Nov. 17.